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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 36071

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1955.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

HK's Economy

THE annual statement of the Chairman of the Hongkong Bank repays careful reading. Not only does it deal comprehensively with the political, economic and financial characteristics of the countries comprising Asia, but it pinpoints certain current features which materially affect Hongkong in a number of ways.

Of prime interest are those sections which deal with developments in China and Hongkong and which have, or are likely to have, considerable influence on our welfare and prosperity. One interesting proposition put forward is that, while China undoubtedly desires to trade more widely, particularly for her industrial requirements, lifting of the United Nations embargo would probably not result in a rush of trading with the West. The point, which is opportunistically made, is that Communist China's industrial expansion has become so closely geared to the Soviet trading potential, that this will remain an important factor in China's economy for some time to come.

Moreover, of course, there exists another influence against the traditional freedom of trade between China and the Western world—the new China's anxiety to trade as far as possible along Government-controlled lines. It is well, therefore, that the Colony's traders do not expect immediate and big results if and when restrictions with the mainland are lifted.

FROM this Bank review not illogically points to the advisability, if not necessity, of bolstering and expanding the Colony's industries. Figures are not always deceptive, and those which demonstrate that at the present time something like one-third of Hongkong's exports are locally-manufactured commodities, deserve thoughtful recognition. Our industries are no superimposition on the Colony's economy; they have become a blood-stream, and one which must be kept healthy. It is this which justifies the suggestion that specific inducements be offered to those with idle capital to invest in expanding industrial Hongkong. We still need capital investment as much as Singapore, and if needs be we must offer incentives for that capital to remain in Hongkong. Once our own requirements have been satisfied we can afford to allow any surplus investment to move elsewhere.

Appalling
Storms Hit
Ohio River
Valley

New York, Mar. 11.—A multi-million-dollar storm smashed the flood-stricken Ohio River valley today with tornadoes, winds of hurricane force and massive thunderstorms. At least eight persons were dead or missing in storm and flood and 15 more were injured. Property damage in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana was expected to reach many millions.

Buildings were smashed, scores of homes unroofed and hundreds of power lines and trees were torn down in the four-State area. Multi-million-dollar damage was caused in two Pennsylvania steel mills alone when the wind sent giant bridges crashing to the ground.

The Ohio River—whose flood has killed four, caused \$13,000,000 property damage and made thousands homeless—erupted at Louisville but the city was largely safe behind flood walls.

DUST STORMS

In the Southwest, the worst dust storms in 18 years blotted out the sun as 60-mph winds ripped up parched topsoil and swept it 1,000 miles eastward. Indiana took the brunt of the Ohio Valley storm with two tornadoes that hurled railway boxcars off their tracks and spawned lightning that touched off a \$1,000,000 fire.

The devastating squalls hit an area about 200 miles in breadth across Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and Northern West Virginia. Two persons were killed in Pennsylvania by falling debris.

One soldier drowned and another was missing after the car plunged into a stream near Fairmont, West Virginia, during torrential rains which accompanied the storm.—United Press.

Radio-Active
Milk From Cows

London, Mar. 11.—A Labour Member of Parliament, Mr. Harold Davies, told the House of Commons today that cows on a Japanese island had produced radio-active milk after American hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific.

He asked the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Derick Heathcoat Amery, for a guarantee that British farmers would be able to work within a reasonable radius of the nuclear power plants to be built in Britain.—China Mail Special.

12,000-Line Phone Exchange
For Western Hongkong

FULL DETAILS OF NEW
DEVELOPMENT SCHEME

An "island" site near the Western Market, at the Sheung Wan end of Des Voeux Road, has been chosen for a new 12,000-line telephone exchange for the Western area of Hongkong. The architects drawings, prepared by Messrs Palmer and Turner, are before the Hongkong Government for approval.

An initial building of nine storeys, it will house offices, automatic exchange, and provide flats and social amenities for the families of about 50 Chinese employees.

Later the exchange will be developed to serve 19,000 lines, and at least two more storeys of living flats will be provided.

The ground floor will have a Post Office, offices for the Telephone Company accounts branch, and for Cable and Wireless, Ltd. It will also contain a garage for a unit of the Company's breakdown vans, and a number of Post Office vehicles.

The exchange on the first floor will be the second largest in the Colony. Fifty miles of main-cable containing anything from 10 to 120 wires must be soldered to more than 500,000 points before the 500,000,000 separate parts start to serve their 12,000 lines.

The upper floors, containing flats for employees' work, as well as other company exchanges, include a complete floor given over to Welfare Clinic, social amenities, and a telephone training school.

IN 12 MONTHS
Mr. E. B. Hughes, Managing Director of the Company, said: "This new Western Exchange will meet the demands of the Western area for some time to come. We will be definitely ahead of the waiting list."

He was careful to point out, however, that it would only meet the demand in its own area. It would not affect, for instance, the waiting list of subscribers in Kowloon. The demand in Kowloon is being met by another large exchange, being erected now, which will soon be brought into service.

Many people do not realise, he said, that unlike other public services such as water or electricity for which they are simply connected up to a "main" system, each telephone requires a separate pair of wires to the exchange.

WHAT HAPPENS
When you ring a five-figure number on an automatic telephone, you get in touch through your own private wires with your own private selecting machine. This hunts over a group of selecting machines and finds one that is not in use. The selecting machine responds to the impulses from the first number you dial, and then cuts in and hunts to find a vacant selector in the second group. The selector you contact in the second group again responds to the impulses of the second number which you dial, and puts you through to the third group. And so on...

Finally you get your number, and a ringing generator rings the bell, or also sends you the "busy" signal that tells you that the number is engaged.

If you do get through, all five selecting machines, including your own private one, are held in service for the whole period of your call and cannot be used by any other caller.

When an automatic exchange gets overloaded with too many calls there may be no "dialling" tone when you lift the receiver, which means that your private selecting machine cannot find a disconnected selecting machine in the first group. Or you may get the "busy" tone after dialling only half the number. This means that all selecting machines in one of the later groups are in service.

The Central Telephone Exchange, Telephone House, is equipped with around 10,000 of these intricate and quite expensive selecting machines. And the new Western Exchange will have about 8,000.

55,000 STATIONS
The Hongkong Telephone Company, which serves over 50,000 stations already, added 5,000 new stations to its network last year. Around 18,000 applications for new stations are on the books. At the present rising rate of increase, they may all be served within two years. But new applications coming in may have made a new waiting list by then.

Some day saturation point may be reached. Then a man wanting a new telephone will be given the line vacated by someone else. Or there may even be a pool of spare lines available for his district.

The fact that each station needs an individual pair of wires to the exchange makes it economical to have the exchange in a central position. As this is not always possible, subscribers living close together, in Pokfulam for instance, send a call to each other through miles of costly cable that links them through a distant exchange—in this case Telephone House.

This will also apply in the new Kowloon development area until a new exchange is built in the centre of it. At the moment, however, the only occupants of the chosen site are fish—because the chosen site is in the middle of the sea, and has not yet been reclaimed.

Fire Traps
Soldiers:
Four Killed

Salzburg, Mar. 11.

A flash fire killed four British soldiers and injured 20 when it trapped them in sleeping bags inside an iron-barred barn during a United States Army war game today.

American soldiers of the 4th US Reconnaissance Battalion fought to rescue the British soldiers of the Middlesex Regiment when flames, following an explosion, whipped through the barn in the upper Austrian town of Mattighofen.

The British soldiers were eating or resting, tucked in their sleeping bags to keep warm in the chilly loft, when fire exploded through the structure. The windows of the loft were covered securely by iron bars. Only one narrow stairway led down to the door and to safety.—United Press.

Girl Advised To
Forget Man

Maldstone, Mar. 11.

Margaret Morfow, a 23-year-old servant girl, was urged by a judge here today to "try to forget" a man goaded for the manslaughter of her daughter, three and a half.

The judge put her on probation for two years after she had pleaded guilty to "condemning and harbouring" the sentenced man, John Holtick, after the crime.—China Mail Special.

TODAY'S RACING
SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Desert Gold
Thunder Sky
First Lady
Outsider: Rowan Glen.

RACE 2

Tell-me-again
So Big
Spanish Fan
Outsider: Strathvohr.

RACE 3

Super-King
Brantome
Three Cheers
Outsider: Beautiful Future.

RACE 4

Jingle Bell
New Jersey
Fire-glo
Outsider: Bonita.

RACE 5

Encore
Misty Law
Helicon
Outsider: Gladale.

RACE 6

Diana
Speedy Roger
Possibility II
Outsider: Beautiful Phoenix.

RACE 7

Senorita
Easy-going
Boyne
Outsider: Congratulation.

RACE 8

Can Do
Citron
Say When
Outsider: Lake Success.

RACE 9

Squadron Leader
Cirrus
Fieldmaster
Outsider: Treasureland.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Desert Gold
Thunder Sky
Thunder Wish
Outsider: Green Velvet.

RACE 2

Amopola
Sultan
So Big
Outsider: Unicorn.

RACE 3

Bashful Beauty II
Beautiful Future
Gay Sire
Outsider: Celebration.

RACE 4

Jingle Bell
Ben Lemon
Fire-glo
Outsider: Bonita.

RACE 5

Misty Law
Encore
Not So Bad
Outsider: Helicon.

RACE 6

Golden Dahlia
Beautiful Phoenix
Possibility II
Outsider: Chinese Mackerel.

RACE 7

Norse Lady
Senorita
Boyne
Outsider: Quatre.

RACE 8

Lake Success
Bright Bay
Can Do
Outsider: Lily.

RACE 9

Fieldmaster
Fung Chi
Cirrus
Outsider: Filra.

Eleven New Soviet
Marshals Named

Paris, Mar. 11.—The appointment of 11 new Soviet Marshals today marks the second large-scale promotion in the Soviet Army since the death of Stalin.

Six of the 11 were named marshals of the USSR and five marshals of aviation and artillery.

The first big promotion occurred shortly after the arrest of security chief Lavrenti Beria, at a time when Soviet army chiefs pointedly demonstrated their loyalty to the Communist Party and the state. At that time, Air Force General P. Jigorev was named Marshal of the Air Force. K. Voronov was named Marshal of Artillery, and Cyril Moskalenko and Brigadier-General M. Malinina were named Generals of the Army.

At the same time, Vice-Admirals D. Fokin and V. Andreyev were promoted to Admirals.

Today's promotions, coming a month after the resignation of former Premier Georgi Malenkov, seem destined to confirm the unity of the Communist Party and the Army.

Two of the military figures promoted in the first (1939) group received new promotions today: Paul Jigorev, Air Marshal, becomes First Marshal of Aviation, and General Cyril Moskalenko (who was a member of the military tribunal which sentenced Beria to death) becomes Marshal of the USSR.

Today's promotions carried the number of Marshals of the USSR (not counting Marshals of Aviation and Artillery) from 11 to 17.

It should also be noted that five of those promoted today (Bagramian, Grechko, Eremenko, Tchouikov and Jigorev) are Deputies to the Supreme Soviet, and several (Bagramian, Grechko, Tchouikov and Jigorev) were in October, 1952, elected Deputy members of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party.—France-Press.



An artist's impression of the new telephone exchange.

SANTAL SOAP

ROGER & GALLET
PARFUMEURS PARIS

Unsurpassed!
New HIGHER OCTANE
IC-PLUS
Caltex
Gasoline
OCTANE MEANS POWER
Brings New Life to your Engine

How not to give
a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain oversights which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.

For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of good-humoured banter.

Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

And above all, do not on any account provide long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of hospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce content. The party would be a success.

ROSE'S
Lime Juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

4 SHOWS TO-DAY
AT SPECIAL TIMES

King's At 2.15, Princess At 2.15, Empire At 2.15.
4.45, 7.15 & 9.40 p.m. 4.45, 7.15 & 9.45 p.m. 4.45, 7.15 & 9.40 p.m.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S At 11.30 A.M. PRINCESS At 11.00 A.M.
Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe M-G-M Technicolor
in "MONKEY BUSINESS" Cartoons
"TOM AND JERRY" In CinemaScope
AT REDUCED PRICES

LEE Theatre

AIR-CONDITIONED, OZONIZED AND WARM

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

Rudolf Schock Germaine Damar

King of the Circus



Ein Ernst Marischka Film der ERMA-Produktion im Herzog-Filmverleih
WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON
20th Century-Fox Presents

MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

Capitol

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ON PANORAMIC SCREEN



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
Columbia's Technicolor Production
ALAN LADD in

"RED BERET"

Reduced Admissions at \$1.20, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Produced by PAT DUGGAN, Directed by IRVING WARDEN
Screenplay by FREDERICK S. COFFIN and PHILIP G. EVERTON
Screenplay by FREDERICK S. COFFIN and PHILIP G. EVERTON
Screenplay by FREDERICK S. COFFIN and PHILIP G. EVERTON

TO-MORROW: "WITNESS TO MURDER"

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Unconquered". A western, but a front ranker. Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard, Henry Wilcoxon.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Brigadoon". Musical whimsy in Bonnie Scotland. Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse and Van Johnson.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Long Gray Line". A history of the West Point Military Academy seen through the eyes of an Irish emigrant. Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Dance Little Lady". Ingredients: A ten-year-old dancer and her ballerina mother, a ne'er do well father and a friendly young doctor. Mandy Miller, Mai Zetterling, Terence Morgan and Guy Rolfe.

LEE: "King of the Circus". A combination of circus and opera. Vienna State Opera tenor, Rudolph Schock.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Carmen Jones". A present day Carmen, red hot and black. Dorothy Dandridge, Henry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey.

COMING

EMPIRE: "Along Came Jones". A western. Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard. A re-issue.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Playgirl". The pitfalls lying in wait for a country girl in the Big City. Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Betrayed". Spies and counter-spies in Holland during the war. Lana Turner, Clark Gable and Victor Mature.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Green Scarf". Crime thriller with good court scenes. Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd and Kieron Moore.

"The Sea Shall Not Have Them". An Air Sea Rescue Service launch rescues the crew of a ditched Hudson. Michael Redgrave, Anthony Steele, Dirk Bogarde.

LEE: "Cadet Rouselle". The adventures of a young French lad during the French Revolution. Francois Perier, Dany Robin and Madeleine Lebeau.

Crack West Point Military Academy is still in harness at the age of 70, is played, with an almost uniform, accent throughout the passing years, by Tyrone Power.

STAGE MUSICAL

"Brigadoon" is unashamedly a photographed stage musical, though not having seen the original show I can't say how closely it sticks to the live version or whether it gains by its transfer to the screen.

Treating it as a piece of light entertainment and setting aside its origin it can be said to have succeeded in its object—to entertain.

It was quite obvious at the Gala Premiere this week that the audience had a warm feeling for the play. There were murmurs of amusement at even the most mildly pointed lines and great shouts of laughter at some of Van Johnson's more witty remarks.

Cyd Charisse is enchanting as the object of Gene Kelly's affections—her dancing, singing and speaking as light as the breezes that blow through the mythical Scottish village of Brigadoon.

As the dear old domineering ex-priest to the two Americans who have stumbled on the little place while shooting on the moors back in the 18th century Scotland was visited by a plague of interfering interlopers called witches ("We have them now," remarks Van Johnson, "Only we pronounce it differently").

The minister decided that the only way to make Brigadoon safe for ever was to ask God for a miracle which was to take the form of making the village disappear for ever. The prayer was granted, but in such a way that once every hundred years the village and its inhabitants came back to earth for one day, exactly 24 hours older than they had been in the previous century.

Fact and fantasy are closely interwoven in this happy little film and if Gene Kelly doesn't dance with his usual verve we must remember that the years are passing and make do with the precision and grace of the chorus and Kelly's undeniably attractive personality.

For me, Van Johnson almost stole the picture. As the worldly friend of the pillulated Kelly his cynical comments on the fairytale goings-on are priceless and are a reminder that in spite of his grim role of late, he still has a sense of humour.

TEAR-PROVOKING

"The Long Gray Line" is full of Irish sentimentality and hardly a step that will bring a tear has been left unturned. The pallid little Irishman who, after many years' service in America's

His collier, scolding, mothering, befriending and sympathising from her first withering look to her expiring sigh, is Maureen O'Hara, and himself—Marty's delightful leprochaun of a father is Donald Crisp.

The humour, the pathos, the emerald accent are all laid on with a trowel and if you're the type to enjoy a good cry, for goodness sake, take two spare handkerchiefs.

The opening is slow, but the picture, though long, gathers pace as it progresses and in this somewhat unusual role Tyrone Power is less prone to strike attitudes than customarily. On second thoughts perhaps this only appears to be the case due to a concerted effort by the cast of the curtain to reduce him to size whenever he becomes too obstreperous.

It could hardly be called a history of West Point, although the names of some of the more famous men passing through are introduced into the dialogue. In reality it's the sentimental highlights in the life of an Irish emigrant, with only of emphasis on his gratitude to the country that gave him shelter and his devotion to the Army that has given him security.

FOR BALLET LOVERS

For lovers of ballet, especially youngsters beginning their first lessons, "Dance Little Lady" will take a lot of interest. The village disappear for ever. The prayer was granted, but in such a way that once every hundred years the village and its inhabitants came back to earth for one day, exactly 24 hours older than they had been in the previous century.

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The key to "Carmen Jones" is in the background to the credits, a valiant black screen with a vivid red flame dancing against it, lighting up a solitary rose. The intensity of the flame presaging the destruction of the film by the forces of darkness. Supertitles play a large part in the picture, as the

The abundance of songs to be fitted in to the narrative forces the powerful story to become theatrical, in spite of the everyday setting. This is inevitable and would not be so obvious if the characters were not so well drawn.

One forgets that it is a photographed opera when absorbed in following the action of the story and is hauled back to the realisation that it isn't a slice of life by the self-conscious grouping of the chorus and the orchestral background to the songs.

It is a most unusual and ambitious undertaking for director-producer Otto Preminger to have tried and, in spite of minor faults, comes over with a forcefulness and directness far removed from the apologetic feeling of many Box Office favourites.

"Along Came Jones" was made in the same year as "Unconquered" and teams Gary Cooper with Loretta Young. Melody Jones is a gentler character than the Indian fighter of the Cecil B. De Mille epic however; he's a bad shot, fond of music and is often teased by the villain, Dan Duryea.

ENTERTAINING

"Playgirl" won't take any prizes for its deep insight into problems of juvenile delinquency, but it is quite entertaining in its way. It concerns a young girl who goes to New York to seek her fortune in the fashion country cousins have been doing for centuries.

Signposted there by the apparent success of a fellow small town girl she even discovers that Shelley Winters' superficially glamorous existence is founded on the shifting sands of playboys' affections.

The ingenue role is taken by Colleen Miller, who bears a strong resemblance to the dancer, Ann Miller. She doesn't dance or sing like her more famous double, nor does she possess the same exuberance, but she looks a nice enough little thing and even after disillusionment sets in, the hard-boiled attitudes are obviously assumed.

Nobody can portray a blowsy good-time girl better than Shelley Winters, though I wish she would wait with a little more subtlety for her cue lines.

In private life people often do stand with all concealed impatience to get their word into the conversation, but please, not in front of the camera.

She puts over two night club songs with her cynical-fluttering trade-mark and in one scene gets almost convincingly drunk, but she's been better than this and it seems a pity that her high spirits and good natured sensuousness can't be employed to more advantage.

Barry Sullivan, Greg Palmer, Richard Long and Kent Taylor are the various men scattered about the film.

"The Green Scarf" is an unusual thriller with a blind deaf mute as an alleged murderer. When nobody will come forward to defend his apparently hopeless case it is taken up by Michael Redgrave.

As the elderly lawyer Redgrave is brilliant and is well backed up by his co-stars, Kieron Moore and Ann Todd.

The suspense leading up to the surprise climax is well sustained and the acting throughout consistently good.

NOT THEIR FAULT

"The Sea Shall Not Have Them" will be starting on Wednesday of next week and while it deals with an interesting subject—the rescue of a Hudson's crew by a launch of the Air Sea Rescue Service—the action is rather slow and the plight of the ditched crew not put over with sufficient drama to excite pity.

This action switches backwards and forwards from the floating dinghy to the operational headquarters of the rescue organisation with inter-spaced shots of the launch crew, but although it is difficult to see how more action could have been added, better characterisation would have made the incident more interesting.

It's not the fault of the actors—they have done the best they can with the material—and the idea was good, the characters just didn't come to life and therefore their fate is of very little consequence.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SPECIAL TIMES: 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

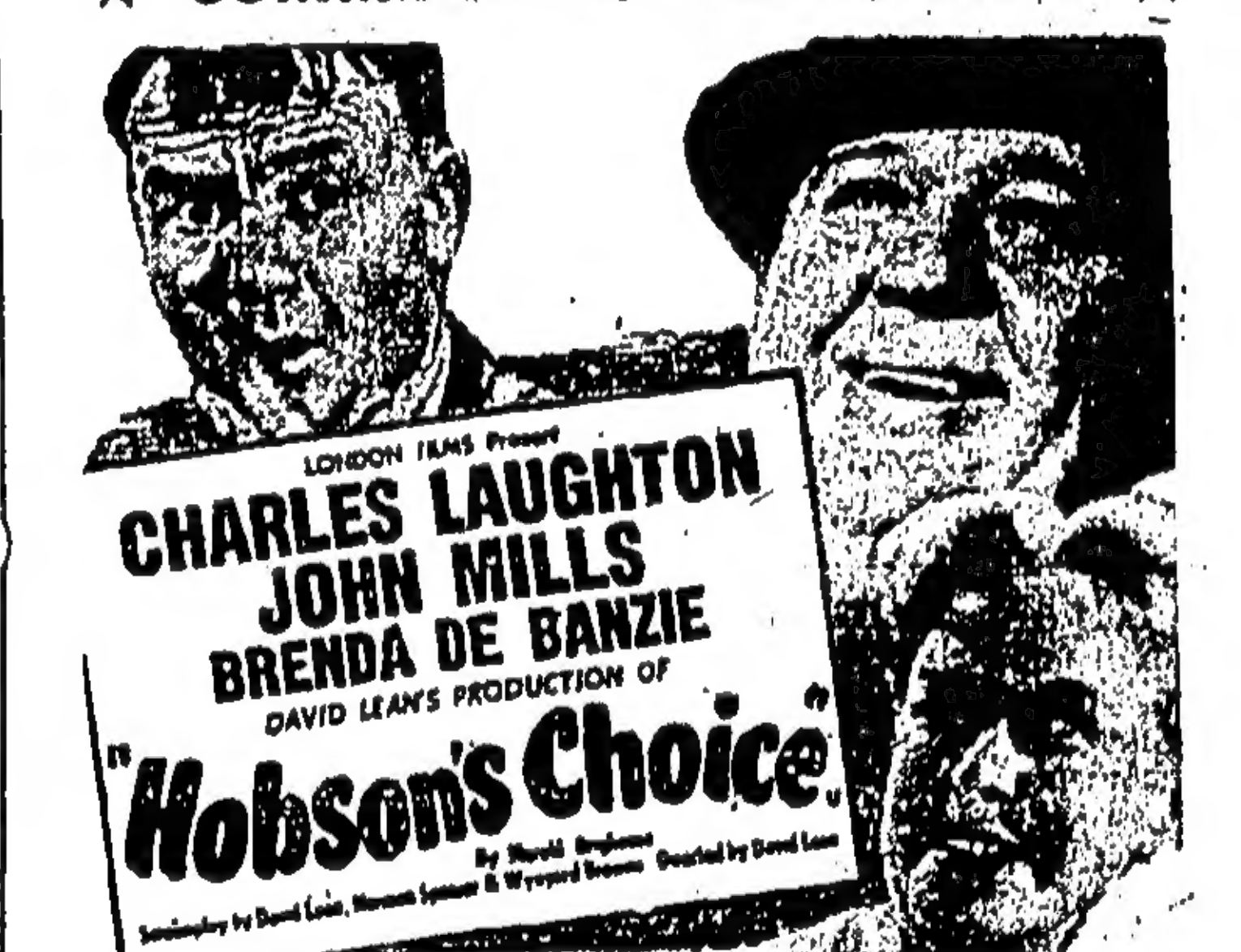
QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS
"The Long Gray Line"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE
AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA
AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
Columbia presents
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
as jungle Jim in
"VOODOO TIGER"
Reduced Prices: \$1.50,
\$1.00 & 70 Cts.

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 78721 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

FINAL TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



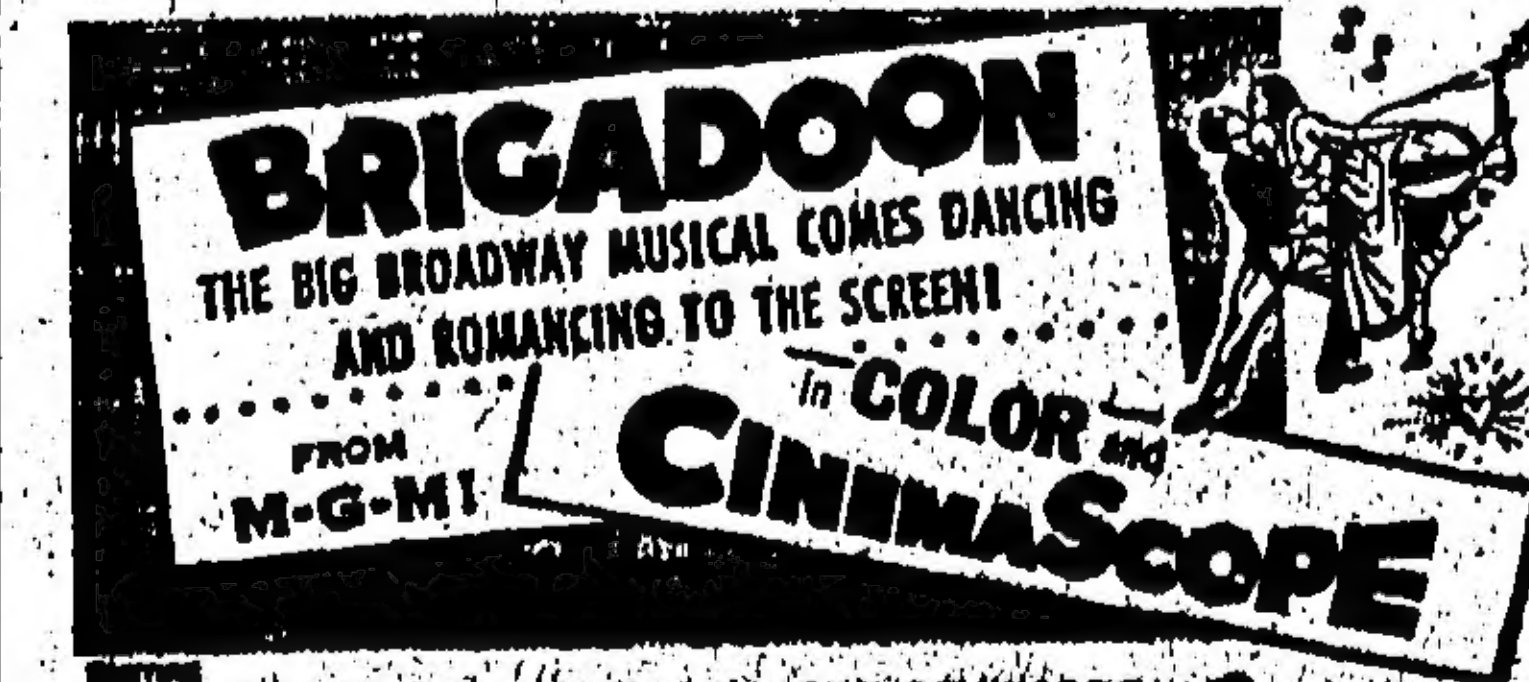
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
GREAT WORLD: M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON, TEL. 50333

— NOW PLAYING —

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
EXTRA PERFORMANCE HOOVER at 12.00
ON SUNDAY LIBERTY at 12.30



with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

4-Track Stereo-Phonic Sound — Wide Screen!

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Here's a note from that young redhead in my English class, Miss Perkins—he dropped it on the floor and I corrected the spelling!"

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
 ROXY: At 2.30, 5.15, BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.20,
 7.30 & 9.40 p.m. 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
 IN THE WONDER OF 4-TRACK, HIGH-FIDELITY
 DIRECTIONAL-STEREOPHONIC SOUND!



Starring: Harry BELAFONTE • Dorothy DANDRIDGE
 Pearl BAILEY • Olga JAMES • Joe ADAMS
 ADDED ATTRACTION! Cinemascope Short Subject
 "TSCHAIKOWSKY'S 4th SYMPHONY" In Technicolor
 Book Early To Avoid Disappointment!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.
 Feature-length Walt Disney's
 TECHNICOLOR CARTOON TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
 with JULIE ANDREWS In CINEMASCOPE
 enacting the leading role Presented by
 "THE ROSE OF BAGHDAD" RKO Radio Pictures
 — Reduced Admission —
 ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.

The Garrison Players

present

RELATIVE VALUES

A Comedy
 By NOEL COWARD

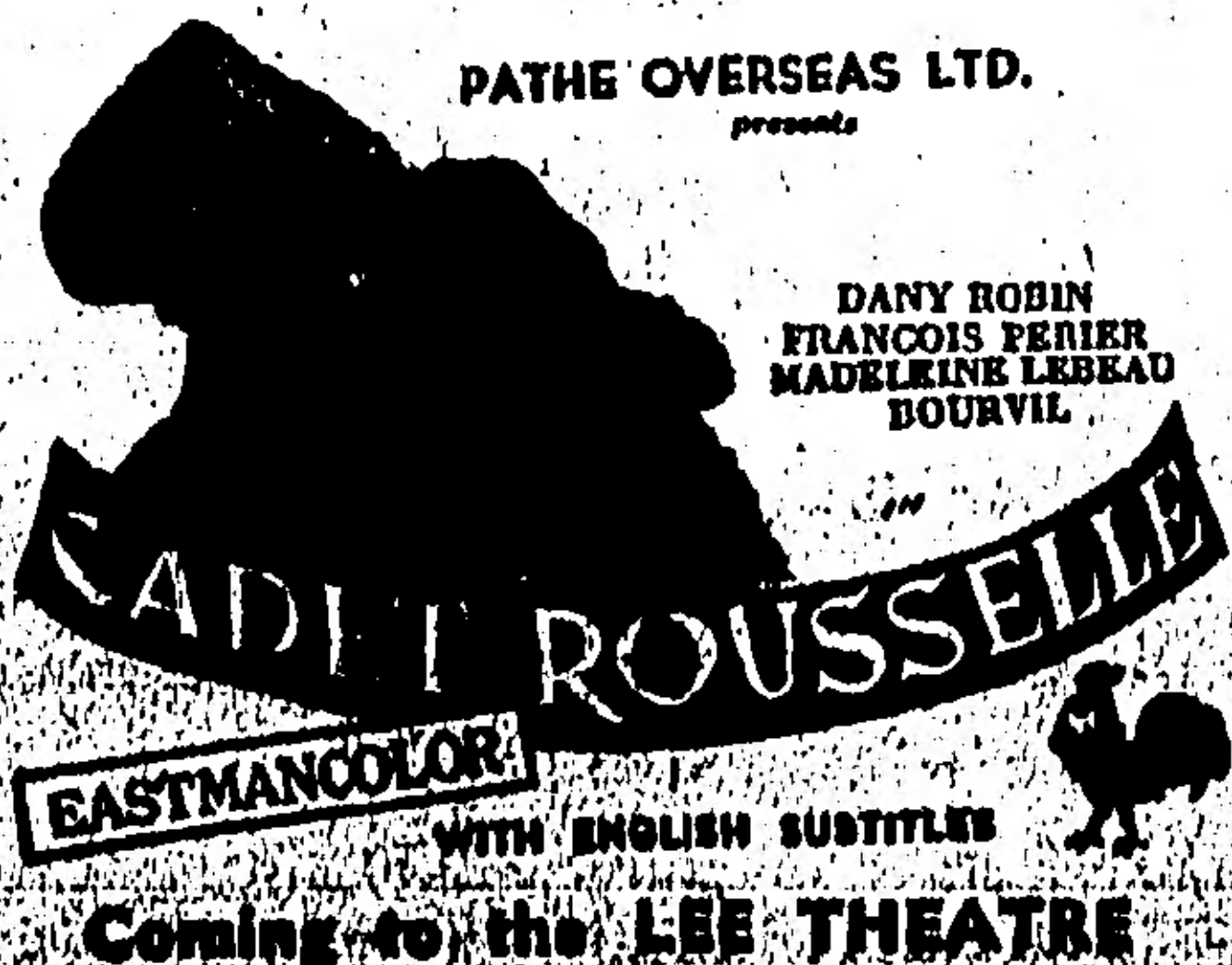
in
 KING GEORGE'S HALL
 Mission to Seamen
 Gloucester Rd.

23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, March 1955
 at 8.30 p.m.

\$5.00 \$3.50
 Servicemen \$3.00 \$2.00
 BOOKING AT SKINNER'S.

PATHE OVERSEAS LTD.

presents

Gourmets
Cheer
Mireille

Paris, Mar. 10.

Two hundred and fifty Paris diners last night sat down to a sumptuous meal that had taken two days to prepare — then cheered the cook, pretty 37-year-old Mireille Parsella, as the blue ribbon flaring her "Grande Dame of the Cordon Bleu" was draped over her aproned shoulders.

It was the highest order of French cooking — usually only awarded to men chefs.

Mireille in the previous two days had taken 610 lb of oysters, 310 lb of fish, 44 lb of lobsters, 200 lb of chicken, 40 lb of liqueur-soaked grapes, 100 pints of ice cream, 700 pints of wine, and 60 bottles of liqueurs as well as 30 different herbs, spices and vegetables and cooked a six-course meal for 250 French gastronomes.

Twenty-five men chefs helped her cook the feast in 100 brass saucepans, and 100 waiters served the meal.

Watching anxiously on the radio, stuffing the dishes and getting in the way was the sprightly little man who married her when she was an art student and taught her how to cook — M. Abel Parsella.

Said plump, fresh-faced Mireille, in her white apron with her curly hair tucked under a dainty white cap: "Until I met Abel I never cooked a meal in my life. But he is a very fussy eater and I wanted to look after him well."

"So I learned to make a lot of tasty little dishes. I always made my dishes a bit bigger than two could eat and so we used to have friends in to help us."

"After that we went to live in the South of France. I opened a restaurant just for friends who wanted to come and eat my meals — and pay. I have enjoyed myself ever since cooking for people who enjoy it."

New York
Campaign
Against
'Litterbugs'

New York.

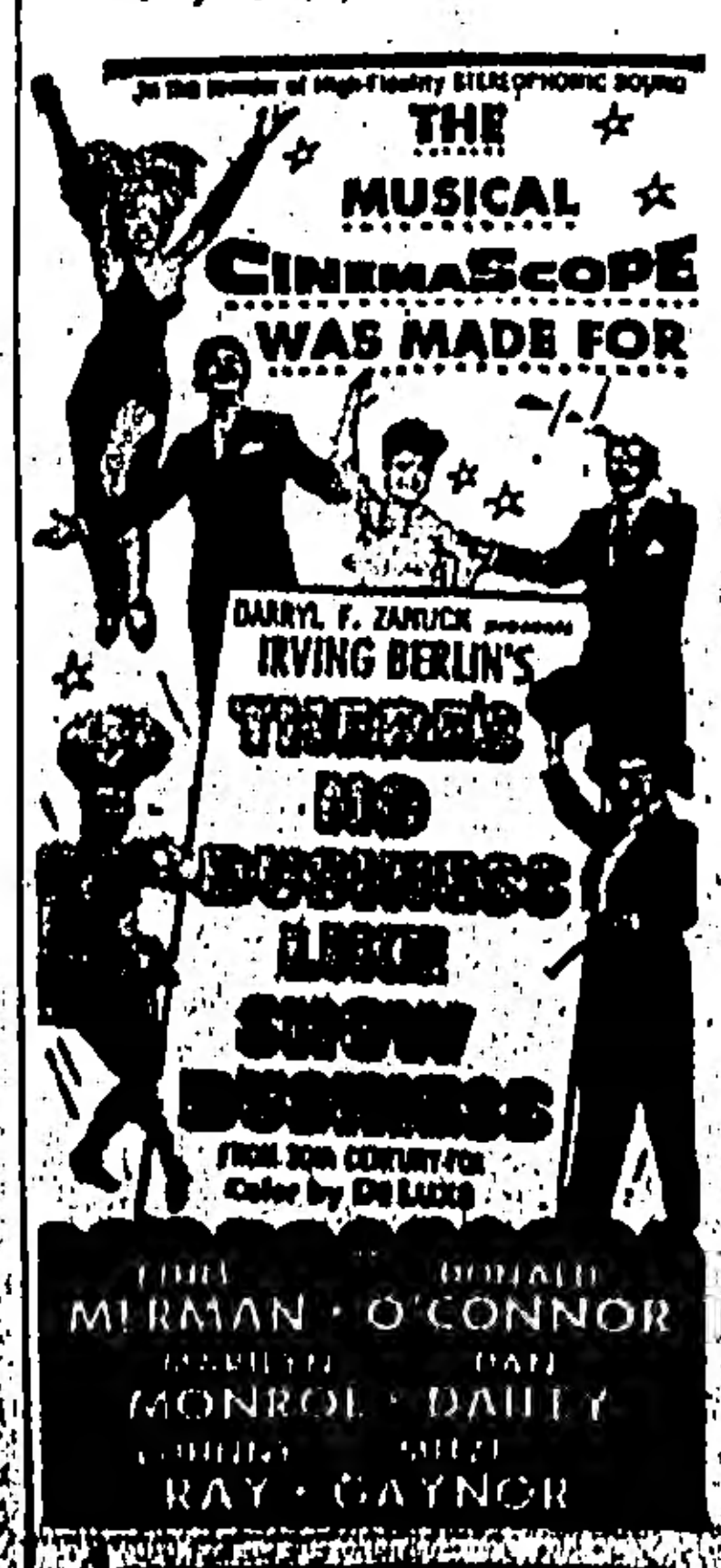
The Sanitation Department and City magistrates are campaigning against New York "litterbugs" who help give this city a reputation for being one of the dirtiest.

Sanitation Commissioner Andrew Murnain believes New Yorkers are the "most uncooperative in the world" when it comes to disposing of newspapers, cigarette packages and candy wrappers. "They don't even aim for the baskets," he said.

City magistrates are cracking down. From now on litterbugs caught in the act will be subject to fines ranging from \$2 up to \$25, the maximum the law allows. — United Press.

MAJESTIC

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HERE'S WHY GIRLS LEAVE
HOME—BY
TWO WHO DID

I MET them in Paris. Olivia de Havilland, the star who has left Hollywood to settle in Europe. And Leslie Caron, the little French ballerina who was lured to Hollywood.

I give precedence to Miss de Havilland as senior star, the winner of two Oscars.

The long windows in her Paris flat were vibrating when I arrived. The portraits of her great-great-uncle and aunt which hung on the wall of the lounge shook in their frames.

The cause, Miss de Havilland assured me, was not a minor earthquake or the changing of the French Government. But the Metro, the Paris underground railway, which passes below the building.

Miss de Havilland herself finished pouring me a cup of tea from a silver teapot.

Although there are other disadvantages, apart from the vibrations, Miss de Havilland has decided to make the flat her home.

It is on the first floor just before a noisy bus stop. It is on the shady side of the street and the sun never lights up the wall tapestries or the dark red lounge wall-paper. But it is in the right, select, residential district of Paris. And the plumbing is good.

We were joined by her French fiancé, Pierre Galante, dapper, quiet, charming. She is to marry Galante in the small French village of Yvoy Le Maron, near Orleans, on April 2, after several postponements.

She has just had an unexpected new experience. Her film *That Lady* which she made in Britain last summer and on location in Spain has been banned by the Spanish Government. She told me: "It's the first time a film of mine has ever been banned. I think it's rather exciting and thrilling."

After the honeymoon somewhere on the coast of Italy, she comes to London, perhaps alone, to make a film entitled *The Quest*. She will be working for independent producer Sy Bartlett, for whom she made *That Lady*.

"I liked working in British studios and I like working with Bartlett's team. I'll probably go back quite often. From now on Europe's my home base, though I'll probably go back to Hollywood occasionally. But only for the right film."

I travelled across Paris (not by Metro) to meet Leslie Caron, who has reversed the de Havilland process.

She is back in Paris only as a temporary resident to appear in her first straight play, *Orvet*, a poetic drama written by film director Jean Renoir.

No vibrations, but Miss Caron herself was shivering slightly.

I wasn't sure whether this was due to the cold she has caught at play rehearsals ("The theatre is old and draughty, built like a piece of Gruyère cheese") or the presence of the Press.

Miss Caron is elegant, shy, timid, and (perhaps for good reasons of her own) suspicious of the Press.

She has just finished two Hollywood films — *The Glass Slipper*, a Cinderella story with Michael Wilding, and a remake of *Daddy Longlegs*, with Fred Astaire.

"But I have to go back to Hollywood after the run of the Paris play. My contract still has four years to run. What I don't like about living in Hollywood is the lack of atmosphere."

She had relaxed into one of her rare smiles as she talked about Paris. And she had stopped shivering.

But she left me shattered and disillusioned. Saying she mustn't be late for rehearsals, she asked me what time it was — by my watch. . . .

Experimental School
Shows Good Results

Chicago.

An eight-year-old boy stopped eating sandwiches made of paper and paste in school.

Another boy, a leading failure in deportment at 13, learned to like reading so much that he wanted to stay after school to read to teacher.

Both boys once spent most of their time in the scholastic cellar but now are making normal progress toward maturity through the help of a special school, sponsored jointly by the Chicago Board of Education and the Jewish Federation.

The board decided to help the boys and seven other children and last autumn packed them off to the special school, where their emotional needs were studied by Dr. Charles P. Gersenson.

They were found to be normal except for their tendency toward unruliness.

Dr. Gersenson discovered a gnawing emotional hunger in the boy with the paper-and-paste diet and satisfied it with other means — among them, keeping him active.

His hunger appeared, the youngster began to read with ability for the first time in his life.

IMPORTANT FACTOR

The emotional starvation of the 12-year-old boy was replaced by a keen joy in reading and he wanted to share this with his teacher. . . .

Mrs. Mary Lawrence, executive director of the Children's Bureau of the Federation, said that the nine young special students are learning faster under the new emotional climate.

Seven of them, Mrs. Lawrence said, learned four times as fast as they did during the term before they were transferred from regular elementary schools.

She attributed this not only to help with emotional difficulties but the bolstering of incentives of study.

The address of the special school is kept secret so that the children will not be teased by other youngsters. . . .

"Magical"
Feats Of
Science

Ottawa.

Scientists at the national forest products laboratories can boil water out of wood, make weather to order, blow smoke through a solid stick of oak and amaze or amuse a bystander with many more feats of seeming magic.

Blowing smoke through oak is really not so mystifying as it sounds. But it looks that way when one of the scientists takes a drag on a cigarette, exhales at one end of a foot-long stick and a swirling cloud of smoke comes out the other end.

The answer lies in the fact that oak is honeycombed. The naked eye doesn't show it but a microscope will.

Boiling water out of wood — it produces a sweetish, small-scale steam in the humidity-testing chamber. Nearby is a special cutting room where slices 1/500th of an inch thick can be peeled off a log and where one sees the striking patterns in grain that can be created with veneers, even using the near-white of basswood or a black-smith walnut.

The weather-to-order is produced in a special box-like arrangement. Conditions inside it can be made to simulate an August heat wave, a March blizzard, an April shower or a January thaw. The contraption is used for a variety of tests on woods and the qualities of paints and other finishes on wood.

Exhaustive and exacting analyses and tests are conducted on all kinds of wood that might conceivably be used in furniture. One test is a smasher — the equivalent of 200,000 pounds is dropped on beams — and another shows what happens when wood glues are not properly used.

An intriguing "beard machine" some 14 feet in diameter and equipped with huge lugs, whips and bouncers turns around until it's reduced to near-rubble. The big wheel proves just how much any given piece can take.

Results of all tests are available for the guidance of furniture and appliance-makers at any time. — United Press.

U.S. POPULATION
IS GROWING

Population of the United States (150 million) is growing faster than that of India (300 million) and the Soviet Union (150 million), says a new report.

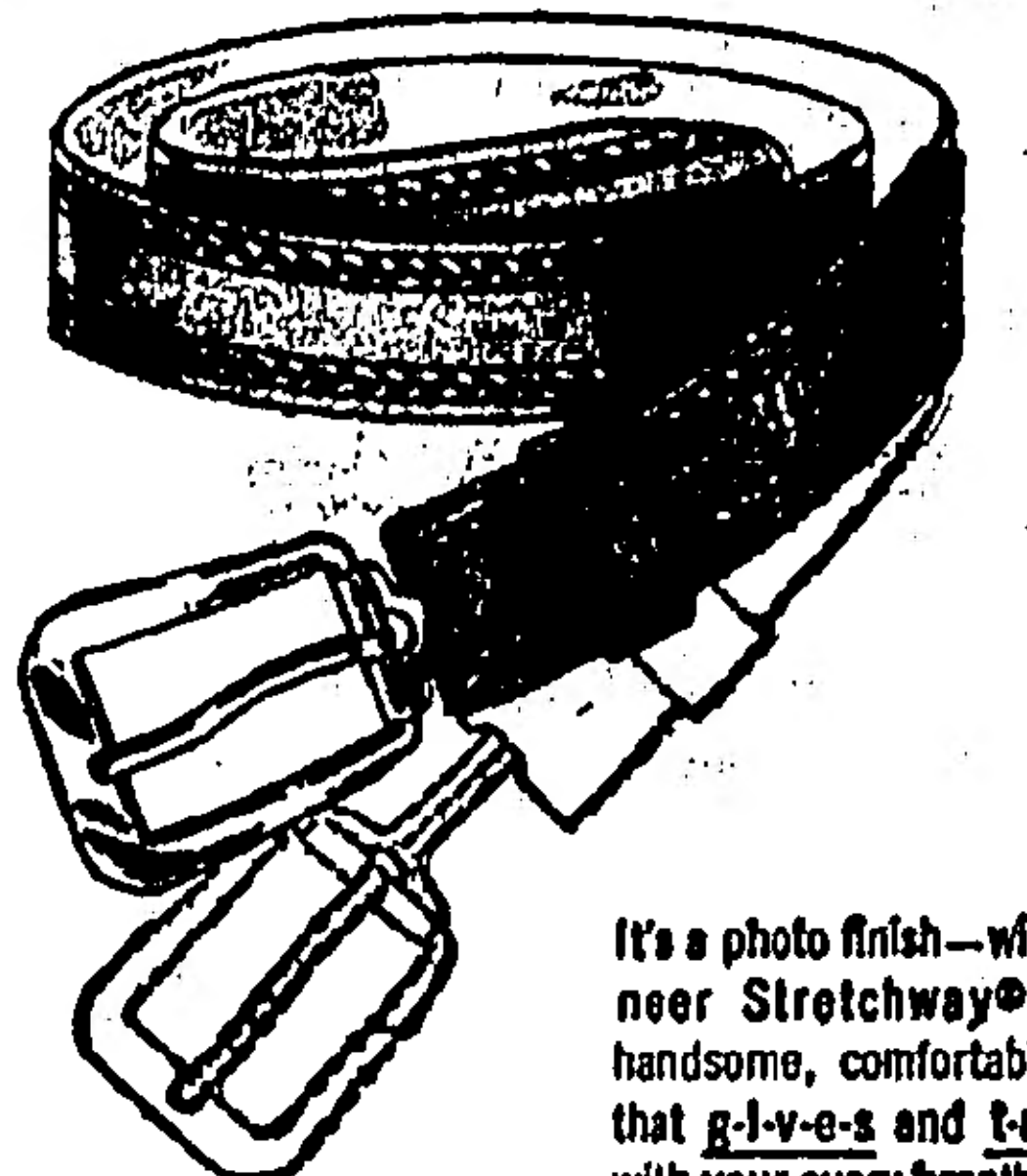
It is expected that there will be 200 million Americans by 1975.



Carlsberg

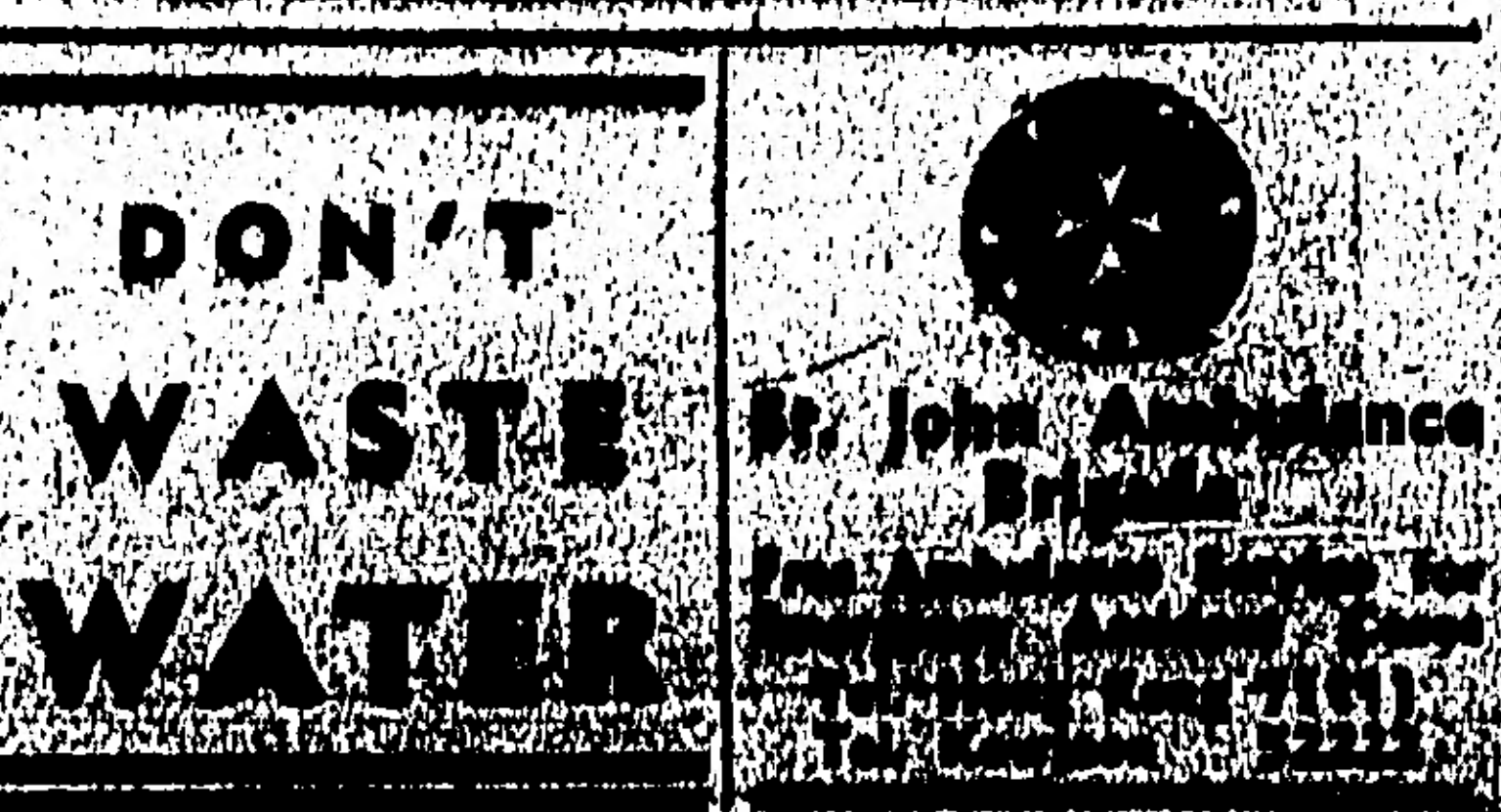
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The Duke of Edinburgh flew by helicopter from Buckingham Palace to Caterham to take the salute at the march past and present letters to officers and senior NCO's at the traditional St David's Day parade of the Welsh Guards. The Duke is Colonel of the Regiment. RSM D. J. Griffiths replaces the Duke's cap after fixing a leak to it. (Army News)

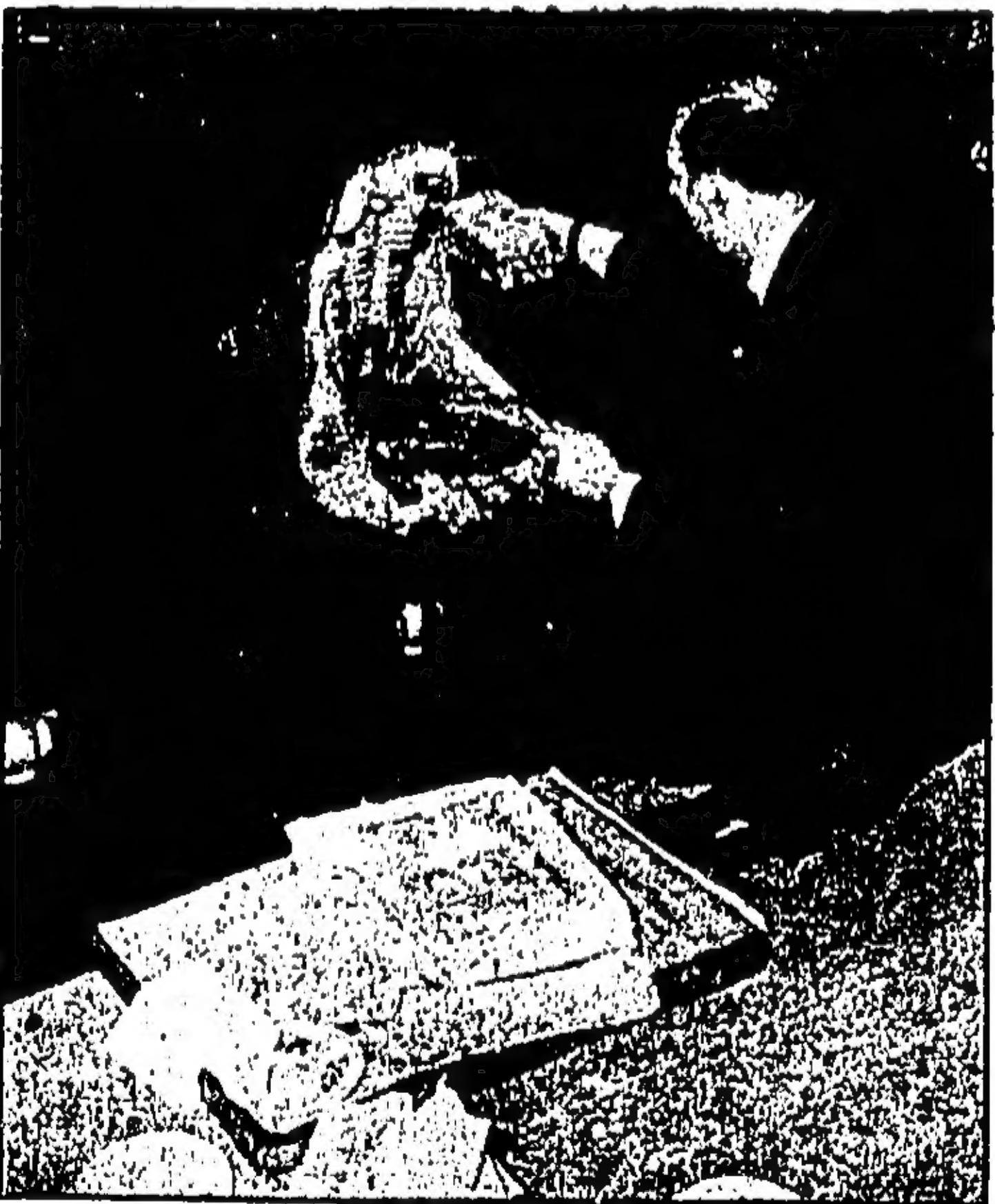


AT a party given at Claridges Hotel, London, in honour of the Argentine Minister of Agriculture, Senor Carlos Hogan. The Argentine Ambassador, Dr Domingo Derisi, welcoming Mrs Gwilym Lloyd George, wife of the Home Secretary. (Express)

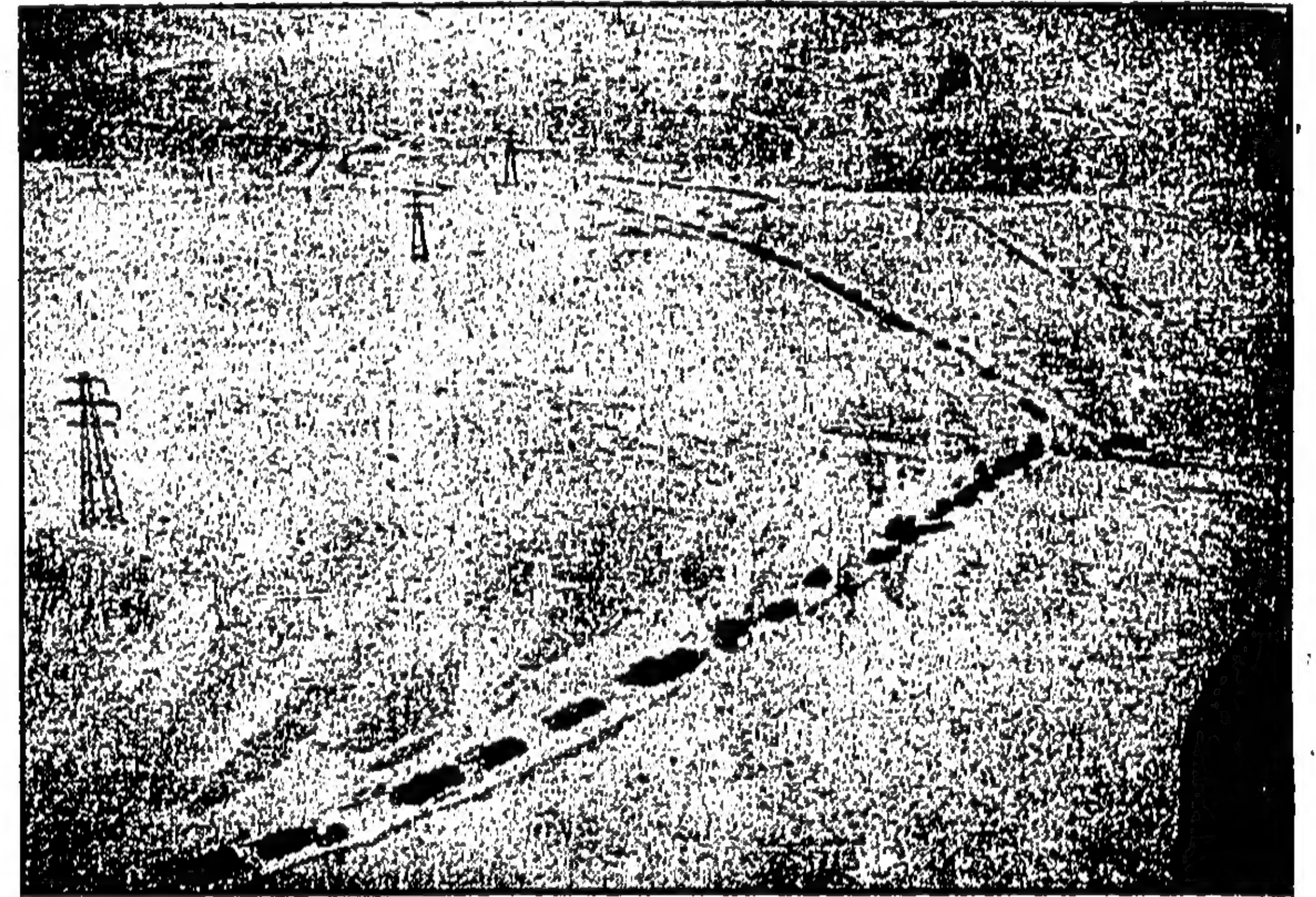
LEFT: A star who went to see the stars—Sally Anne Howes. It was at the first night of the new American comedy, "Wonderful Town," which is due for a long London run, judging by first audience reactions. Pat Kirkwood and Shani Wallace are in the leading roles. (Express)

LEFT: Maybe there's some compensation for being in a zoo, after all, says Tony, Manchester's 35 cwt hippopotamus. Tony, 28, has spent all but three years of his life behind bars. And his silver jubilee present was this 2 ft. square sponge cake topped with icing and pink cream. For the record, it took Tony four bites to get rid of it all. (Express)

BELOW: Eight-year-old pianist Michael Kroll, son of a Viennese doctor who fled from the Nazis, is to be soloist at a concert by the 50-piece Eljos Orchestra at the Civic Theatre, Leeds, on March 27. Although young, he is already hailed by top musicians as a real discovery. Michael won second place in a music festival class for under 21's. He was only one mark behind the 19-year-old winner. (Express)



LONDON sherry importer Alejandro Cassinello gave a party in sophisticated South Molton Street in honour of Spanish dancer Antonio and his company, who are in London for a season. Here is the guest of honour performing with his partner, Rosita Segovia. (Express)

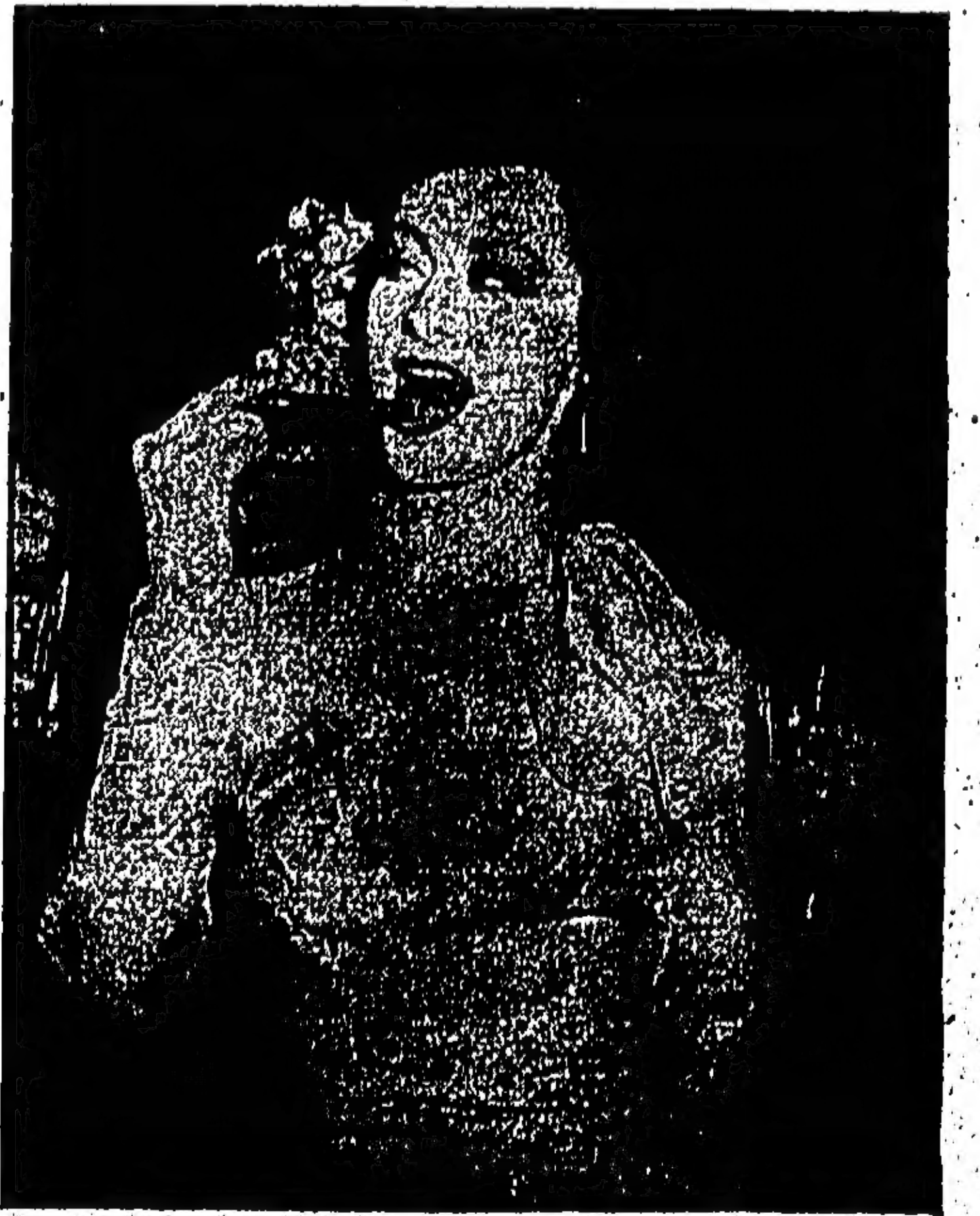


LEFT: Rusty, the elephant at the Regent's Park Zoo, bends her mighty back to the snow as she works with a will helping her keeper, Buck Jones, to clear it away.

AN aerial view of abandoned lorries and cars trapped in deep drifts at Woodhead, high up in the Pennines, on the main Manchester-Sheffield road.



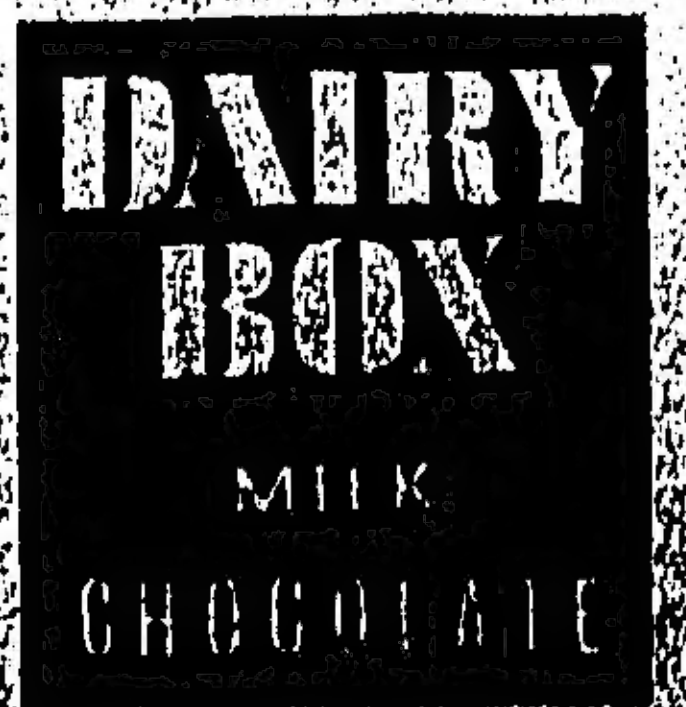
THE beautiful Queen Soraya of Persia meets some of the organisers of the fashion show specially held for her by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. Wearing a silver mink fur coat, the Queen herself looked as if she had just stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine. (Express)



MOIRA SHEARER, the ex-ballerina, created a sensation in her first non-dancing part in Oxford in "I Am A Camera." She played the part of Sally, a nice English girl who goes to the bad in squalid, 1932 Berlin. Here is Moira the merry-eyed. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





"The next course will be two of those UNESCO bods they sent here to find out what witch doctors' patients die of."

London Express Service

VINOBA BHAVE OF INDIA:

One Man Against Communism

By SIMON MAYNARD

A FRAIL, ascetic-looking man, barefooted, bareheaded and clad only in loin cloth is today carrying out a revolution that may well have a profound effect on the future of mankind.

Vinoba Bhave is his name. And he is doing more to defeat Communism in Asia than any other living man.

There was a time when the Western world dismissed Gandhi as a fanatic of little consequence. He proved them wrong. Now Bhave, a disciple of Gandhi, is proving other postwar prophets to be wrong.

The Communists have always held that there can be no agrarian revolution unless you confiscate land and conscript the peasants, forcing them to work twice as hard for their Communist masters as ever they did for the former land owners.

But Bhave has proved that an agrarian revolution can be carried out through love. Love and a new religious fervour. And his philosophy has spread across the vast Indian nation and wrought a miracle of religious revival.

His mission is to persuade land owners to give

up some of their land. Then he redistributes the land to homeless and workless labourers in the area.

"The Indian Government is helping India to feed millions who were previously starving. It has brought the benefits of hydro-electric schemes, irrigation and new methods. But this is not enough. It is the spirit which counts in the battle against starvation."

Up to date, land owners have given him more than a million acres. And his campaign is developing fast. Although a sick man, suffering from duodenal ulcers and chronic malaria, he has walked nearly 7,000 miles across India to persuade people to give him land.

"I have come to loot you with love," he says. "If you have four sons, regard me as a fifth, and give me my share of land."

Peking have taken a keen interest in this conference which, they hope, will mark the beginning of a line-up by the anti-colonial countries in the two continents.

But the majority of the countries taking part in this conference will be members of the Colombo Plan, through which they gain technical and financial aid from the West. And you may be sure that Vinoba Bhave's land campaign will be mentioned as an example of what can be achieved through the goodwill and tolerance which the Communists affect to despise.

All the same, I think the Western case could be immensely strengthened if something of the Bhave technique was used in British colonies where racial hatred and strife have done so much harm. If a Christian missionary could achieve in the White Highlands of Kenya what Bhave has done, it might do much to improve relations between the settlers and the Kikuyu.

SIGNIFICANT

A wealthy Indian once gave him 10,000 acres. But he has also received many tiny plots, little larger than a small back garden, donated by peasants who are themselves poor. Such is the power of his religious teaching. It is significant that every party in India (except the Communist) approves of Bhave's policy. True, some of the more modern members of the Congress Party argue that the policy does not increase crops. They say it is useless without modern agricultural methods to supplement it.

But, psychologically, it is of tremendous importance. It is removing the feeling of being unwanted that frustrated Indian peasants for generations. It gives every man a chance of feeding his family. And it does steal the Communist thunder. Gandhi gave Hinduism a Christian slant. It was the same ancient religion, but imbued with the ethics of New Testament teaching. Bhave has carried on the good work.

In the past Hinduism, with its taboos and ancient precepts, has retarded Indian agriculture. Today a revitalised Hinduism has produced Bhoomda, or voluntary land-giving, which is achieving through love and tolerance what Mao Tse-tung brought about through hatred and oppression.

IMPRESSED

Oddly enough, Bhave won his first real battle in the campaign against the Communists. This was in the state of Hyderabad four years ago. Here the 8,000,000 peasants had lived like serfs under brutal tyranny from the land owners.

Communist guerrillas marched in to put an end to this state of affairs. They killed land owners, seized whole villages and put a new tyranny in place of the old one.

Bhave, despite warnings that he was risking his life, moved into the area. He ignored the Communist terrorists, but concentrated on preaching his views to the remaining land owners. He got his land, and presently the trouble and strife died down.

Prime Minister Nehru was so impressed by Bhave's success in Hyderabad that he sent a plane for him to come to New Delhi. Bhave politely declined the plane, said he would come to Delhi on foot in his own time.

Next month there will be a conference of the Asian and African peoples at Bandung in Indonesia. Both Moscow and

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ANOTHER OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

MARY READ—WIFE, SOLDIER, PIRATE

By Dudley Pope

IT WAS a typical Jamaican afternoon, with the tail-end of the Trade Winds rattling doors and the tuning-fork hum of mosquito filling the air, when the Governor, Sir Nicholas Lawes, wrote "June 12th, 1721," on his dispatch and carefully signed it.

If H.M.S. Mary made a fast passage Whitehall should be reading it by August, and they would be pleased with the reports he was enclosing on the "travels of the Pirates who have been executed here, which has had good effect, these Sons having been more free of late from such Villains than for some time before."

It would amuse Whitehall to see he had caught a couple of women pirates. Pity he could not have hanged them along with the men.

What strange chance that brought two women—both unknown to each other, masquerading as men—before a pirate ship in the West Indies? It was a stranger one than that made Anne Bonney fall in love with the brave and temperamental seaman who turned out to be Mary Read.

Three or four years before Mary Read was born her mother married a sailor. Very soon afterwards the husband said goodbye to his young bride and sailed from England—on a voyage from which he never returned.

The young widow—as she was assumed to be—went to live with her mother-in-law, and a baby boy was born. Very like his father commented the proud grandmother.

Within a couple of years, however, the merry widow found that as a result of some romantic dalliances she was expecting another baby. She prudently left her mother-in-law's home and went to live in the country.

The boy, however, died, and Mary Read was born. Within a short time the mother was nearly penniless. She had never told her mother-in-law of the boy's death and promptly decided to pass Mary off as her brother. The gullible mother-in-law gave her a crown a week for her "grandson."

The years passed and Mary grew into a strong youth. But the aging grandmother died, and with her went the crown a week. Mary was hired out as a footboy to a Frenchwoman.

Mary grew tired of this life and joined a man-of-war. During life at sea, did not suit her, she joined an infantry regiment in the Netherlands.

Providence was slow, despite the heavy in battle, as she was engaged in the battle.

It was the life she wanted, until she fell in love with another trooper, a handsome young Fleming. Very quickly her love for him filled her whole life—equipment went unpurchased her horse stayed dirty and unground.

The desperate Mary then revealed to the trooper that she was a woman, and the startled man quickly fell in love with her and congratulated himself on finding a secret mistress.

Mary, however, was virtuous. If there was any courting, Mary said, it was with marriage in view. So the trooper married her after the secret of her sex was revealed—and all their officers attended the wedding.

They both left the cavalry and went to Bruges, where they opened a public-house called the Three Shoes. Mary thought that at last she had found happiness—but within a short time her husband died.

While the war was on the inn prospered, but as soon as peace was declared the customers—mostly soldiers—went away. Mary sold the inn and, again disguising herself as a man, went to Holland to join the army.

In peace-time promotion was slow—much too slow for Mary. So once again, still masquerading as a man, she went to sea. This time she joined a ship bound for the West Indies.

But the ship was captured by pirates. They took out the cargo and, finding that Mary was the only "Englishman" aboard, took her with them. The ship was then allowed to continue its passage.

Some time after that—with Mary a tough pirate and an experienced seaman still safe with the secret of her sex—she found herself in a vessel commanded by "Calico Jack"—Captain John Rackam.

One day the pirates captured a ship in which there was an artist. They promptly brought him on board to join them—and Mary fell in love for the second time. It was as violent an affair as before and she revealed to him that she was a woman.

The artist fortunately fell in love with Mary, but just before they were to be married in the pirate fashion, he quarrelled with another member of the crew and was challenged to a duel.

The horrified Mary discovered that her lover was due to fight to the death with pistol and sword and, although she was in love with him, she did not have a very good opinion of his abilities as a fighter. Yet she could not allow him to be



From a Contemporary Print.

out—after all, there was honour even among pirates.

She did the only possible thing—picked a quarrel with the other man, challenged him to a duel, named a time two hours before the duel with her lover was to take place and loaded her pistols.

Mary and the man went ashore for the fight. Mary returned to the ship alone, leaving the man dead on the beach.

Rackam, before Mary met her artist, had found himself a mistress—Anne Bonney. This strange woman was the daughter of a lawyer and was born in Cork. Although the father was a good lawyer, he was a bad husband, and when his maid presented him with a daughter (Anne Bonney), he left his wife and took the maid and Anne to America.

When she grew up Anne married a sailor without a shilling in his pocket. This was too much for her avaricious father, who promptly turned her out.

The couple set off for Providence to find employment. Instead found "Calico Jack," who took a liking to the sailor's bride. The bride also took a liking to "Calico Jack," and within a short time she had been smuggled on board Rackam's ship disguised as a man.

Anno, before Mary revealed her sex and met her artist, took a liking to the courageous young man. She had watched him—always in the front of a boarding party, always ready for some dangerous job. And she had fallen in love with him.

Rackam became violently jealous and proposed cutting Mary's throat—although it would be a pity to lose such a valuable member of his crew. Mary had not heard about this, although she was feeling

very embarrassed about Anne's attentions. She decided to reveal to Anne that she too was a woman.

Anno, knowing only too well about Rackam's throat-cutting tendencies, suggested that Mary should reveal her secret to the captain as well, just to be on the safe side of the razor.

The days of sunshine and loot were drawing to a close for the pirates. Rackam and his mistress Anne, Mary and her artist husband, all had but a few brief months left in which to enjoy their lawless but happy existence.

Rackam, in the autumn of 1720, started raiding the harbours and inlets of the south and west coasts of Jamaica. On October 19 he captured a schooner commanded by Thomas Sponlow.

The next day, in Dry Harbour Bay, he saw another sloop and captured it, anchoring nearby. But this coasting was to prove fatal—the Governor, Sir Nicholas Lawes, sent out a sloop commanded by Captain Barnett.

When Barnett's sloop hove in sight Rackam weighed anchor as fast as he could and sailed but the wind proved fluky.

Barnett was luckier—catching an offshore breeze he ran down and rapidly overtook Rackam, whose crew—with the exception of Mary Read and Anne Bonney—panicked and ran below.

The two women, infuriated by such cowardice, stayed on deck and shouted to them to come up and fight like men. When they declined the invitation Mary fired her pistols at them through the companionway killing at least two.

With the pirates captured, Barnett took his prize and prisoners back to Port Royal. All were tried by a Court of Admiralty at St. Jago de la Vega on November 10-17 and sentenced to death.

When the two women were brought before the court they pleaded they were pregnant and Mary declared that her husband and she had already decided to lead lawful lives if they were released. The two women "Pray'd that Execution be stayed."

It was, for the time being, granted. Both women were taken to prison and the day before he was due to be taken to Gallows Point and executed Rackam was allowed to see Anne. All she had to say was that she was sorry to see him there but if he had fought like a man he need not have hanged like a dog.

Mary Read, who was in prison with Rackam, was allowed to see Anne. All she had to say was that she was sorry to see him there but if he had fought like a man he need not have hanged like a dog. The distance between the two women was not great.

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THE NIGHT CLUB QUEEN BECAME CARELESS . . .

KATE MEYRICK was passionately devoted to her children. She also longed for an exciting life—the kind of life she could not possibly lead as the wife of a prosperous Brighton doctor. In 1919 she left the doctor, taking the children—six girls and two boys—with her.

She changed one letter in her name, and as Kate Merrick became famous as London's Night Club Queen.

This alphas and rather dowdy little woman, always with a hole in the heel of her stocking, expressed through her life and her night clubs the rebellious spirit of the 1920's. The clubs were no more than noisy underground rooms, but it was smart to go to them.

It was smart because Mrs Merrick openly flouted the law which restricted drinking after 11 o'clock at night. The prices she charged were fantastic. Whisky was 4s, a nip, gin 3s. The standard drink in her clubs, however, was champagne, which she bought at 12s 6d a bottle and sold at 35s.

Names changed

SHE was prosecuted, of course, prosecuted time and again. She simply paid the fine and started up again. When the "Folies Bergere" was struck off the register, it reopened as the "New Folies." Closed again, it appeared as "The Broadway." Her most famous club, the "43," at 43 Gower Street, was also called "Proctor's" and the "Richmond," but faithful patrons always called it the "43."

● She had a police officer in her pay—to keep her out of trouble while she entertained the famous. Then she made the mistake of giving him £10 notes . . .

THE GREAT GAMBLERS

by Julian SYMONS

And what patrons they were who drank bad champagne at high prices in the underground room. There were financiers (most of whom later met disaster), Ivar Kreuger, and the hard-headed Lancastrian Jimmy White, who once brought six Dalmatians full of showgirls for an evening out that cost him £400.

There were stage and screen celebrities—Valentino, Sophie Tucker, Tallulah Bankhead, Jack Buchanan. There was high society—ex-King Carol, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duchess of Leinster, Lord and Lady Milford Haven, dozens of others.

Mrs Merrick kept who's who and the Army list in her office. "Lord Blank is downstairs," she would say to the dance hostesses who were there, as she simply put it, to fleece the mugs. "Go and talk to him. Don't all bunch together. Smile at him. Dance with him. And don't forget to push the drinks."

Mrs Merrick loved a lord, and was extremely proud of the fact that two of her children had married into the peerage. First Dolly, aged 10, married 20-year-old Lord de Clifford. Then May, her mother's right hand, married the Earl of Kinnoull.

The other children were extensively educated. As soon as they left school the girls came to help Mrs Merrick run the clubs, while the boys roamed for the Bar.

There were several clubs by this time. At the "43" you could get a card that would take you on to the "Manhattan" in Denham Street, and in 1927 Mrs Merrick started something grander, the "Silver Slipper," in Regent Street, which had a specially imported glass dance floor and Italian scenes painted on the walls.

These clubs, as she often said, were run as businesses and not for fun. At her large house in Regent's Park the family adhered to a fantastic regime in which they breakfasted at 3.30 in the afternoon, and lunched together at 11 o'clock at night before serious business began. And the clubs themselves—except for that little question of breaking the licensing laws—were run in a fairly orderly way.

There was no organised gambling, prostitution, or drug-taking, and Mrs Merrick tried to stop members of Brilliant Chang's dope gang from operating in the "43."

Nevertheless, with the aid of the dance hostesses young peers and Guards officers managed to spend a great deal of money. When this money was gone they might be asked to leave, or they might be allowed to weep on the shoulder of Aunt Kate or Ma

Merrick, as she was familiarly known. After this consolation they would receive their taxi fare home, but sentiment went no further.

Yet although she had the reputation of being tight with money, everybody liked and respected Ma Merrick. She was even liked by the dance hostesses who were paid no more than £3 a week and had to use their wits to earn more.

They used them to such effect that adoring old men gave some of them presents of sable coats, while others made rich marriages. The hostesses also found good pickings in the eccentricities attracted by the clubs like the Colonel who paid several pounds a night for the privilege of dancing "Ring of Roses" with half a dozen pretty girls, or the rich old man who would snort at every visit a farcical pretence that he had no more money.

"Throw him out," Mrs Merrick would say sternly, and the old man would be turned out into the street.

Then he would search in his wallet. "Mrs Merrick, Mrs Merrick, I've found some more money."

"Let him in again," said Mrs Merrick.

'A good time'

IN November 1923 Mrs Merrick came out smiling from a six months' prison sentence in Holloway.

She was dressed more smartly than usual, in a blue tulle hat, a gold silk coat trimmed with brown fur, and grey shoes and stockings. Some of her children were at the gate to greet her. She had had quite a good time in prison, she told them, and there had been plenty to read.

That night there was a party at "43" to celebrate her return, for her personal magnetism was such that takings dropped badly when she was away. Everything seemed set fair for the gay life to begin again.

But this was a false promise. Within a fortnight she was arrested again. This time she was charged with the corruption by bribery of Station-surgeon Goddard.

Goddard was a member of the police force specially appointed to do plain clothes work. In par-



1928: MRS. MERRICK LEAVES PRISON. She was dressed more smartly than usual—with a blue tulle hat and a gold silk coat trimmed with fur.

ticular, it was his job to watch and report on night clubs and brothels. He had been commended 91 times for his work in this connection, and had been responsible for hundreds of raids.

It was no use. They were both found guilty. Goddard got 18 months' hard labour and a £2,000 fine. Mrs Merrick's sentence was 10 months' hard labour.

No deterrent

IT was the end of her reign. The daring 'twenties were over. The Bright Young People were turning to politics or Big Game hunting. When she came out she tried to begin again, but now the police watched every move she made. There was prosecution after prosecution, each involving a prison sentence. At last, in 1932, a charitable magistrate said that prison seemed no deterrent to her, and asked her to give "a public and honourable undertaking" never again to be connected with a night club. She gave the undertaking, and kept it for the few months she had to live.

Kate Merrick died in January 1933. She reckoned that from the time when she started business in 1920 some £500,000 had passed through her hands. The net value of her estate was £58.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

The financier who paid vast sums to the nobility.

WHY DO WE LAUGH?

By W. A. Clarke

MOST people agree that they feel better for having a good laugh. And, whether they realise it or not, their opinion is backed by that of medical experts.

Freud, the great psychoanalyst, maintained that all jokes at which you laugh uproariously release impulses that have been repressed into the unconscious. He regarded laughter not only as a tonic but a safety valve, too.

American medical opinion goes even further. Ten years ago, Dr. James Walsh of Fordham University, stated: "Few people realise that health actually varies according to the amount of laughter. So does recovery. People who laugh actually live longer than those who do not laugh."

Technically, it has been explained that laughter is an exercise for the diaphragm, which is neglected in most exercises except deep breathing. When you laugh your diaphragm goes down and down and your lungs expand. You take in more oxygen than usual, and that oxygen passes into the blood exposed in your lungs. When you laugh, the rate of exposure to oxygen is at least doubled and often trebled.

Little Help

However, it is one thing to know that laughter is beneficial and quite another to know why we laugh. On this question, medical circles can offer little help. Nor can unanimity on the subject be found among professional humorists.

Ted Kavanagh, writer of a famous comic show, once made the following generalisation: "The common factor in all humour is a sense of superiority. When you see someone receive a custard pie in his face, when you see dignity discomfited by impudence, you laugh because you feel a sense of superiority."

W. C. Fields, the famous American screen comedian, used to maintain: "The funniest thing a comedian can do is not to do it." In support of this view he used to instance what was generally regarded as his funniest act. In this he spent 18 minutes making ready to hit a golf ball and finally retired without ever hitting it.

Lamentable or not, it certainly seems that audiences laugh at the comedian rather than with him. Vic Oliver, the famous English comedian, has related that he first became a comedian through a piano breaking under him, when, as a serious musician, he was playing in a concert hall in Boston.

Several years ago, Lupino Lane, another famous comedian, in a book he wrote called "How To Become A Comedian," declared: "Then you have to make sense of insulting and injuring yourself, for there is nothing like an 'injury laugh' to amuse an audience."

However, it would appear that when "laughing at" a comedian we are also laughing at ourselves. This point was borne out by a Yale University psychologist who performed on 15 babies under a year old a battery of experiments to find out what made them laugh. The joke that was found to have most effect was that in which the experimenter, having got them into a playful mood, would swing them out towards their mother's arms and, just before they arrived, yank them suddenly back. The joke was on the babies, and they loved it.

Tie In

These experiments certainly tie in neatly with the definition of a joke once made by Max Eastman, an American author. "A joke," he wrote, "is not a thing, but a process, a trick you play on the listener's mind. You start him off towards a plausible goal, and then by a sudden twist you land him nowhere at all—or just where he didn't expect to go."

Analysis will prove that this theory holds good in the case of hundreds of jokes. But it doesn't go far towards explaining why we laugh. Which is not surprising, for it can quite reasonably be suspected that nobody really knows!

In 1748, Lord Chesterfield claimed that he had discovered the secret of laughter, and scathingly expressed his disapproval of the whole business. "Having mentioned 'laughing,'" he wrote, "I must particularly warn you against it; and I could heartily wish that you may be often seen to smile, but never heard to laugh, while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it 'belly merriness.' In my mind there is nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred as audible laughter. How low and unbecoming a thing laughter is, not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions!"

True Humour

Fifty years later, Thomas Carlyle, the historian, attempted to reveal the secret behind laughter in his essay on "Ridicule." Not only did the assessment go a lot nearer to actual definition than Lord Chesterfield's, it was also not distorted with bitterness.

"True humour," wrote Carlyle, "springs more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues, not in laughter, but in still smiles which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity; something, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us."

However, although Carlyle is more adroit in his comment, it is plain that even he did not regard laughter as "true humour." The inference is obvious.

But Daren't

Carlyle's judgment should not be dismissed too lightly. Freud maintained that all jokes at which a person laughs unconsciously release impulses that have been repressed into the unconscious. Hence, many of the best jokes are those which release our suppressed desire to take a crack at someone. In jokes we can do things, and speak truths, which we would like to do or say in real life, but daren't.

No less an authority than Charlie Chaplin supports this view. Several years ago he was asked what it was in his pictures that made people laugh. He replied: "It is telling them the plain truth of things. For instance, when I walk right up and slap a grande dame who gave me a contemptuous look, it's the right way to behave. They can't admit it, but they laugh because they know it's true!"

Out Of Touch

One retired rear-admiral has called for exclusive Admiralty control of all sea and air forces employed in naval operations. This means coastal command of the R.A.F.

It is an assumption of naval superiority which is virtually out of touch with realities today. If it were realised, it could lead to a complete distortion of Britain's strategic outlook and planning. Besides, Britain cannot afford two separate air forces with their attendant duplications.

It would be impossible for this to happen if the Royal Air Force were established in the minds of the people as well as in the facts of modern war as The Senior Service.

WE SHOULD MAKE THE RAF THE SENIOR SERVICE

By W. A. WATERTON

WHICH is the Senior Service today? The Royal Navy?

It depends whether the label of seniority is to be reserved for the most venerable branch of the fighting Forces, or whether it is to be assigned to the Service which is the key to the whole strategic and defensive situation.

If the key Service is to carry the title, the Right of seniority has undoubtedly passed to the Royal Air Force.

This was clear by the end of the war. Neither armies nor navies could function, or even exist, without air power. Events since have reinforced these lessons. Long-range offensives and outer defence, too, have been taken over by bombers and fighters.

A modern bomber goes as far in an hour as a fleet does in a day's hard steaming. The bomber is under enemy attack for minutes, the fleet for hours.

At the end of a perilous voyage if it has not been decimated by air and undersea attack, the fleet can discharge

some tons of steel and high explosive 20 or 30 miles beyond its position. It can attack only ports and coastal installations. One heavy bomber can drop an H-bomb anywhere in the world.

With speed and hitting power goes range and the shrinking of time. No parts of the British Commonwealth and Empire are more than a few flying hours distant.

Best Defence

If the main nerve-centres of Britain and its Commonwealth associates are to be saved from nuclear pulverisation the surest hope lies in the deterrent which the heavy, long-range bomber alone can deliver.

The best defence is a powerful offensive. The most important branch of any defensive system is the one which deals with the deadliest form of attack, or, it may be said, the enemy the hardest. This is history's verdict from Hannibal's elephants and the

English long bow onwards. Today it means the R.A.F.

Even in troping, the Navy's ancient task of delivering an army to the theatre of war can now be discharged more cheaply and far more swiftly by transport aircraft.

To build and operate air-planes capable of moving two divisions of troops at a time is a cheaper proposition than to build the requisite tonnage of shipping and afford it adequate protection against attack from the air, or the sea, or from under the sea.

But, it may be asked, why is it so important to recognise the R.A.F.'s senior status? Even if it is a fact, there is no need to call attention to it by a change in the traditional order of the Services.

Such an attitude takes insufficient account of the immense activity and power of inter-Service jealousy. Some of the men who run the Navy are naturally reluctant to acknowledge that their ancient primary

is as dead as the sailors who fought with Nelson.

The Navy still has a most important role in years to come—in getting heavy stores through to battle areas, and in bringing raw materials and foodstuffs into Britain. Instead of facing the facts and preparing the Navy for this important, onerous, but now secondary role, some admirals hope to whittle down the responsibilities which rightly belong to the R.A.F. in the age of air power.

Out Of Touch

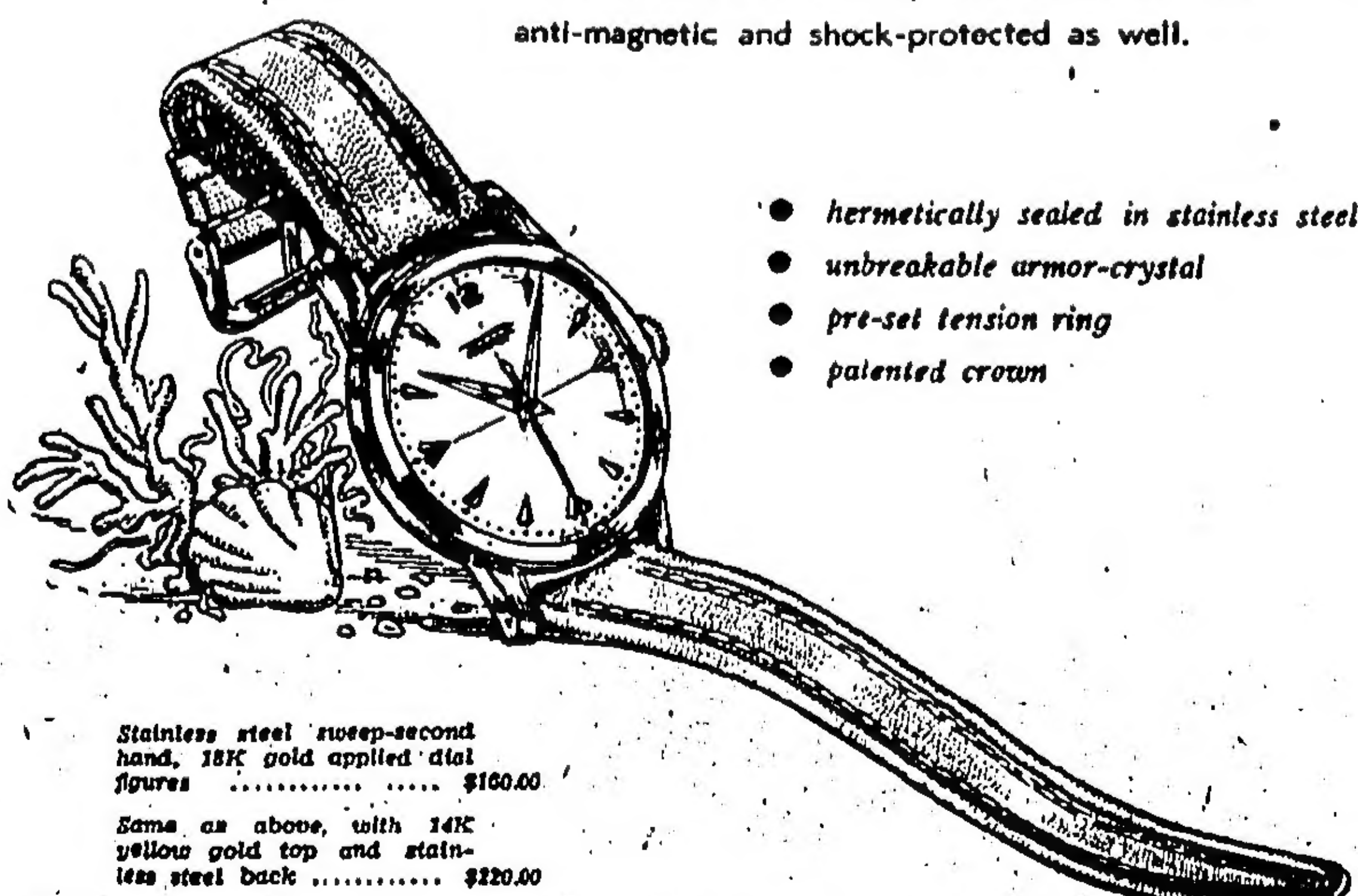
One retired rear-admiral has called for exclusive Admiralty control of all sea and air forces employed in naval operations. This means coastal command of the R.A.F.

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By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

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HOW A SPY IS TRAINED

By **LESLIE MONTGOMERY**

(AS TOLD TO GORDON THOMAS)

HOW is a spy trained? That question has been asked many times since the exploits of wartime agents became known. I'll tell you.

Marie was 23, single, pretty—and French. The start of the war found her in England as a milliner. Then, in 1941 the BBC broadcast an appeal for all foreign nationals to contact an address in Baker Street, London. It was the address of the world's first school for spies.

A severe looking board of Intelligence officers greeted her. Her whole life story was broken down and discussed. Then came the vital question: "Would you become a spy?"

Marie's nod started her on the road that ended when she jumped from a Halifax bomber four months later—a fully qualified agent. She was physically and mentally toughened, and had learned the basic outlines of military routine.

Then she learnt the difficult craft of espionage.

For three months she went to the school for spies. Lessons lasted for ten to twelve hours a day. Instead of arithmetic, she learned to shoot, sabotage railways, took the place of cookery on the school timetable. How to kill a German with one knife stab became more important than scoring goals at hockey.

She learned to be a telegraphist, with knowledge of the latest types of wireless sets. She mastered meteorology, to be able to send weather reports.

INSULTED

She was taught how to break a man's arm with one blow, and how to go without food for days on end.

Tough English interrogators beat her, insulted and teased her—all to see how she would react. The Gestapo used such methods. It was a well to be prepared.

Then one morning, Marie became "Annette"—the girl who bitterly hated the English. That was the new name and role that her instructors had chosen for her.

"From now onwards I am Annette. I was born on April 3, 1919. I am a milliner. It says so on my passport—and I was born in Dijon. My parents are dead. My brother, Marcel, was killed by the retreating English. I approve of the Vichy Government. The hats I make are much admired in Germany."

Over and over again, she memorized the story of the new name and life she had assumed. She learned how to parachute without hurting herself, how to dismantle radio sets, how to hide a Sten gun on her body.

And every spare moment was spent in memorizing her new background.

"Marie—I have a letter for you."



A policeman tapped her and asked for her identity card. But it had been taken away from her at the Spy School... Annette was in a jam!

She didn't take any notice. "Marie—you can forget you are Annette for a moment!" Still she took no notice. "Good," smiled the instructor. "You are learning fast!" The praise washed over her without effect. The Gestapo used it to weaken a suspect. There must be no chinks in her armour.

Then, one bright day she left the school—to spend a few days in London. She wandered through the bomb-damaged streets, breathing in the freedom that she would shortly exchange for oppression.

Suddenly, a policeman tapped her on the arm, and took her to a police station. She was asked for her identity card. But instructors at the spy school had taken it from her.

The policeman looked grim. Who was she? Where had she come from? Why was she in London?

She couldn't answer one of the questions. She was strictly forbidden to speak of the school. Annette was in a jam!

Eventually, she ended up before counter-intelligence officers. Over and over again, they barked and fired questions at her.

A pause. Then: "We think you are a German spy!"

SOLITARY

Annette almost laughed in amazement. They must be fools—then she remembered that she had nothing to prove that she wasn't. She spent long hours in solitary confinement. More questions, more threats, more solitary confinement. She wondered where it would all end. Suddenly, it did.

"You have now passed your last test as a British spy," one of the officers said. "It was all a trap to see how you would react under a Gestapo examination."

Annette smiled faintly. Inside her was a glowing pride that she was now ready for action. A few days later a car drove her to Gaynes Hall, a country house near Tempsford. Every-one there was sworn to secrecy. The house contained an extremely mixed bag of agents from various European countries.

They talked together, ate together, exercised together, but no one knew who any individual was or where he was going. One could only guess from the agent with which they spoke English.

TWO EGGS

No one asked questions, nor did anyone ever talk about himself.

Then, one night Annette sat down to a meal of two fried eggs on a warm plate. That was the secret signal that her turn had come. She started at the eggs and ate them slowly. They might be the last English ones she'd taste.

Down to the airfield, and through the routine that ended with a red light sending her parachuting down over France. She felt herself plunging, losing her breath, getting dizzy. Her chute opened—and its jerk restored her senses. With them, came the thought that Nazis were below, waiting for her.

Annette had heard what the Gestapo did to women to make them talk.

The night was clear, though the ground was disturbingly dark. It appeared to be coming up more rapidly at her than when she had made trial jumps in a remote part of Scotland. But she landed safely.

For long minutes, she lay where she had dropped, oblivious of everything. She was back on French soil again.

Then calmly she started the routine she had been taught so

carefully. Within hours, she would be linked up with the Underground in Dijon. Her job was to relay their information back to London.

For a time, things went smoothly. Her faked passport and her pose as a pro-German milliner helped her to move over France and link up with other Resistance groups.

Then came trouble. "Traveling on a Paris-bound train that was usually half-empty, she was startled to find hundreds of German soldiers climb aboard at a wayside station.

With the other civilians, Annette was herded out to the corridor so that the soldiers could sit in the compartments.

She resumed reading her paper. Then, suddenly, she had a feeling that someone was staring at her. Carefully lowering the paper, she saw that a young woman was scrutinising her.

It was an old school friend, who knew that Annette had been in England at the outbreak of war!

WARNING

The newcomer slowly turned pale at the sight of Annette. Her thoughts were plain. What was Annette doing here? Slowly, the agent moved down the corridor.

"Where are you going? That's not the way to treat an old school friend." The girl's words froze Annette in her tracks.

"I didn't recognise you." The agent forced herself to be calm. "I'll come out with you at the next stop."

Desperately, Annette struggled to make conversation, and so avoid attracting attention. At the next stop, she shoved the still giggling girl out of the train.

Quickly, she explained to the girl her reason for being in France, without mentioning any other contacts. Then followed her usual warning:

"If anything happens to me or my relatives, we shall know who talked. We always get those who talk..."

This threat was effective for those tempted to curry favour with the Germans.

But Annette was shaken. She would no longer be able to transmit from the shelter of the Underground dens. The Gestapo might put a "tail" on her and so hope that she would lead to the local Resistance leaders.

So she started transmitting from open country, using batteries for her radio, in the shelter of woods, on moors, in ditches. Annette would crouch and send information the Underground had gathered.

She became used to travelling in farm carts, lorries and even hearses. She became used to being hunted day and night.

As the days passed, a hearse became the only civilian transport allowed on the road at night by the Germans. Annette spent stifling hours in the morbid confines of coffins. And always within easy reach was a signet ring, holding a cyanide pill.

RECALL

Then one night came a recall order from London. It had been decided that it was no longer safe for her to stay in France. A Lysander would pick her up at a dropping point "Marcel," just outside Dijon.

Detailed plans for her departure were drawn up. Ten heavily armed patriots guarded the landing field in such a way that nobody could come within 50 yards of it without being spotted.

In bright moonlight, the Lysander touched down, and in seconds Annette was aboard. Her hazardous role was over. She had more than justified the confidence placed in her by her severe instructors.

The amazing bravery of the Continental Resistance encouraged us time and time again. But of all the thousands of escapades, the story of the boy who took the biggest single gamble with death is always fresh in my mind.

Marcel was 14, the only son of a Belgian Resistance leader. Like many other children, he looked forward to joining his father in sabotaging the German war effort.

As with others, this Belgian Underground group were short of explosives.

Then came a heavy bomber raid near their den. Next morning, they found a 4,000-pound unexploded bomb nestling among some ruined houses.

The patriots decided to remove its explosive and use it to destroy a nearby railway yard.

They knew that at any moment the bomb might blast them out of existence. In darkness,

they attacked the bomb, their tools clanking on its casing. Any second the fuse might spark off. Then came another danger. Once the bomb had been half emptied, someone small and slim would have to climb inside to scoop the remainder of the explosive out.

There was a tense silence. Then their leader decided. His son, Marcel, would do it. Nobody spoke. Tears formed in the eyes of those hard-faced men. They all knew that Marcel was the only being their leader lived for.

DARING

Quickly, the boy was brought to the bomb. He said nothing when heard of the delayed action fuse that could suddenly end all their lives. His father hoisted him into the bomb. Then, nothing broke the silence except Marcel's steady chipping at the hard-packed explosive.

Within minutes, he had coolly hoisted a bucketful to the waiting men. For the next thirty minutes Marcel laboured in the cramped interior of the bomb, ears cocked for the splutter that would tell him the fuse had ignited.

At last the job was done. Marcel came out into the open again brushing pieces of high explosive from his clothes and grinning sheepishly.

Everyone relaxed. Some turned their heads away to cry. Marcel's father didn't bother. The tears trickled unashamedly down his face.

A few days later, a railway yard vanished skywards in a smoking cloud of twisted metal and concrete.

Marcel's daring gamble had paid off!

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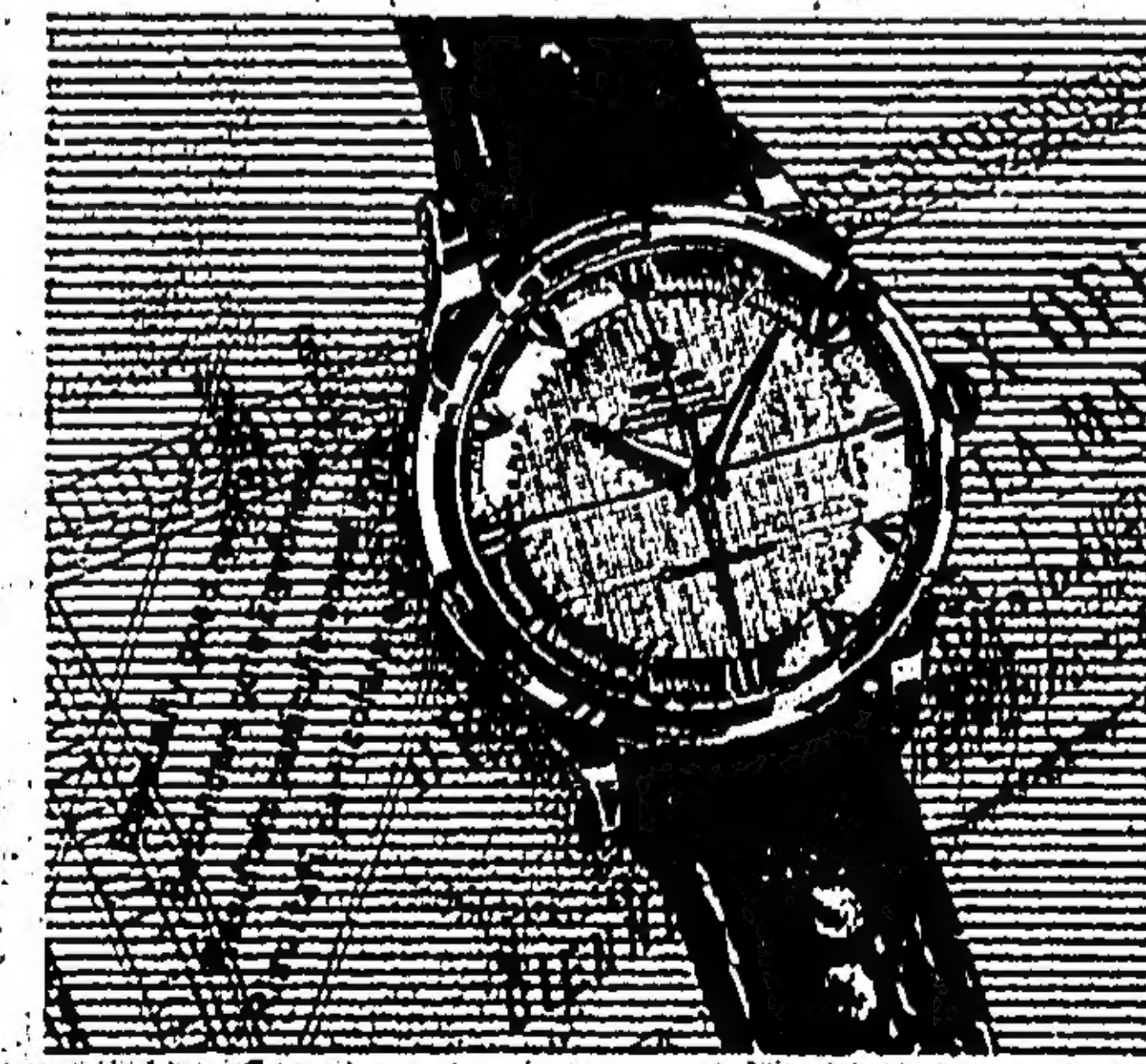
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SEFTON DELMER sums up the situation in the Land of the Rising Sun

THE SECRET THREAT FROM JAPAN

IN three years' time, so the Americans hope, they will be able to call home the last of their ground forces now garrisoning Japan.

In six years—this is also just a hope—they expect to be able to recall their air force from Japan. The navy, they hope, will be leaving Japan sometime between the two.

Why do I put so much accent on hope?

Because the fulfilment of this American "bring-the-boys-home" dream—it is the same dream which is at the back of America's anxiety to return Germany—depends not only on the attitude of Communist China and the Soviet Union in these coming years but on the co-operation of the Japanese themselves. Very much so.

To make American withdrawal possible the Japanese will have to disarm. Rearm, what is more, to such purpose that they can hold out against a sudden attack long enough for the Americans to come back and help them.

To be able to achieve this the Americans calculate that the Japanese ground forces, which now number about 120,000, must be expanded to a strength of between 250,000 and 300,000 men.

They will also need approximately the same armament and mechanised equipment as an American force of the same size would have. Tanks will be lighter as Japan is not a good tank country.

The build-up

AMERICANS calculate that they ought to be able to achieve this build-up in three years from now. Hmph. The air force, for all practical purposes, will have to be built from scratch. It was only begun in August last year and has only a few trainer planes at present. The majority of Japanese I have discussed the matter with are either dead against rearmament or against rearmament under American auspices. And that comes to the same thing. The Japanese, with their strained and debt-ridden economy, cannot finance rearmament on her own.

Frankly and openly they confessed to me: "If we rearm under American auspices and have our men trained by Americans on American lines, as at present, they will not be soldiers of the emperor and of Japan. They will be soldiers of President Eisenhower and the United States. Our men will have to fight the American wars for them."

Much as I tried I could not shake them in this.

Then there are slick, tricky fellows. "All right," they say, "let's allow the Americans to rearm us." But let's see that we do so on Japanese lines.

"Let's see that a high share of the rearmament contracts goes to Japanese industry and that our armaments factories get new machine tools and new techniques. Let's see that the training of our troops is properly blended with Japanese traditional methods."

"Well, then get a national defence force of our own, and a national armaments industry, and the Americans will have paid for most of it. As we get stronger our policy can become more and more independent of the Americans. Then we shall

It is my bet that if rearmament is passed by the new Japanese Parliament—there will have to be a two-thirds majority in favour of revising the MacArthur-imposed Constitution banning armaments and militarism—then it will be this kind of rearmament policy which secretly will be put into practice by the Japanese.

That will be an unpleasant and dangerous affair. Once the Japanese militarists are embarked on the devious path of rearming, all kinds of safeguards have been provided to assure civilian and political control of the new armed forces.

The machine

BUT I am inclined to argue with those Japanese who believe that this remilitarisation of Japan is following too closely the heels of the old military regime for these safeguards to be truly effective.

Yes, it would not be the first time that military leaders, pleading considerations of security and economy, have succeeded in getting their own will imposed on the civilian

men who will do what they are told by their soldier subordinates.

But widespread as it the opposition to Japan's rearmament among the Japanese, that has not stopped everything being prepared to put it through.

Young men are being recruited in their thousands for the threat Japan defence force, and there is no lack of candidates. By polite fiction it is called police reserve—just like the East German army in the Soviet zone of Germany.

American aircraft manufacturers have made contracts with Japanese firms for the construction of military aircraft under licence in Japan.

Yes, it is all set for full speed ahead. This rearmament machine. And I suppose ahead we shall go, if we do, my one prayer is: Let us not be under any illusions either about the temper of the Japanese or the danger of the course.

And one of the first illusions I hope we shall put up is that rearmament is going to make it safe for the Americans to hurry home. Reckless to say that. The Americans will have to be sure that the Japanese are not a threat to their own security.

HORROR COMICS

THE DANGER WE FACE

By CHARLES RAY

SOMETIMES, in the unguarded hours, a fantasy breaks through a barrier in mind which, half-remembered in the morning, leaves a shadow and a sour taste behind. We know that in the criminal lunatic asylums there are people possessed and activated by such fantasies, which are the source of the details which the jury hear, but no newspaper can report.

They are the sicknesses set down in the clinical notes of Freud, and the impulses which found an outlet in Belson.

Dr. Wertham's book is the hundred-million-dollar crime and horror comic industry that nourishes on the presentation of this side of human nature to the youth of America.

The basic materials of this industry are the ravings of the psychotic world.

These provide the editorial idea. Smart writers and skilful artists then apply themselves to elaborate and simplify. From technique, usually exercised on the themes of sex and violence, emerges the picture strip that a child of six can read.

Dr. Pagan stalks a girl. He catches her and cuts off her hair. "Not my hands! Oh, no. Please not my hair!" "Next he cuts off a girl's long blonde hair." "HAIR! Lovely, perfect hair!"

Rough

Two men, their features drawn large and smudged, are being dragged along tied to the rear bumper of a car. There are words in balloons coming from the car. "These gavel roads are rough on tyres." "But ya gotta admit there's nothing like 'em for cruising fast." A third character says: "Super! Even Big Phil will admire this job if he lives long enough to identify the meat!"

The eye motif is a favourite. The Crocker has a long and pointed nail, which is called the "killer's manicure." He leans over and says: "Yore eyes are gonna pop like grapes when ol' Crocker gets his hands on you!—Here go the peepers!" The blood theme is also recurrent. A painter uses his palette with ceiling, stabs her, and uses her blood for paint.

The secret

Men smash women in the teeth. Women in tiger skin pants and brassieres string coloured men from a beam. For the children who know where and how to look there are pictures within pictures, and the secret one is pornographic. Loyalty is a leer, love a sneer, honesty a mug's game. The "Teen-age dope slave" describes the wonderful effects of morphine. "One needful of joy-juice and you get so satisfied with the world you forget your obligations."

In a sense, the words are even more characteristic of the intention than the drawings. There is a borderline beyond which the passions can no longer express themselves in language, but only in sounds and noises.

Over the border

The American crime strip is constantly over this border. It scrapes the barrel of language, and finding nothing strong enough for its purpose (which is literally becoming unpalatable) grows increasingly bestial. "Alecocoe, brgh-h-h, cruuunch, whannnnnnnn" and a whole dictionary of noises from the menagerie mark not merely the victim's mortal pain and fear, but also the joy and satisfaction which they are deriving from its infliction.

Wertham puts the current circulation of comic books in America at around 90 million.

REPRODUCTION OF THE INDICATED BY THE CHINA MAIL.

Today a book is published that tells the story of one man's war against horror comics in America: the story of a doctor's seven-year fight to and the diet of vice and perversion which is being fed to American children. Revealing for the first time the full extent of the danger, the book is certain to exert considerable influence on the future course of action.



One of the milder illustrations reproduced by Dr. Wertham.

One month. The Wall Street Journal estimated that 840 million units were printed in 1953. One-third of the cheap pulp produced in Canada and America is said to be used in this way. This is big business. It runs a lobby. It pays retainers to child experts—Wertham names some of them and sums up their results—to certify the innocence of its product. And it has been shaken enough by Wertham's campaign to single him out for counter-attack.

So far, the facts are indisputable. The question remains: what influence do the comics have on the child? It is his examination of this question which is the most valuable part of Wertham's book. He himself is one of the leading American psychiatrists, former director of some of their largest clinics, and a recognised expert in medical cases. He has worked on the horror comic for the last seven years, and through his clinics has investigated and correlated the case histories of hundreds of children.

Wertham's first point is a very simple one. He says that the onus is not on him to show that a steady diet of rape, as-

sault, killing, torture and mockery of every value that the human race holds decent does no harm to a child. The burden is on those who say it does no harm to prove it.

But there is a view that it is only those who are predisposed to evil who submit to temptation; or that some little boys and girls are born for delinquency and others for such innate goodness that they would come to no harm if taught to kick in faces from babyhood. Wertham, from all his vast experience, will have none of it.

One factor

"Just a hairline," he says, "separates the child who does not get into trouble from the one who does." There, but for the grace of perhaps a single factor, goes your child. And that factor may be non-exposure to the horror comic.

Wertham, from his personal handling of delinquents and deep analysis of their cases, claims to have established a definite link between the crime comic and the nature and extent of juvenile crime in present-day America. He records case after case in which the strip situation has been re-enacted, determined the type of weapon or method of its use, triggered off abnormalities which might otherwise in the course of the child's development have died for lack of nourishment. Its instincts and urges may be canalised into different directions. It is at this stage that the crime comic offers a daily diet drawn from the cesspit of adult aberration.

Ambition

The indictment is eight-fold. Crime comics create an atmosphere of cruelty and deceit. The format is an invitation to delinquency. They create a readiness for temptation. They stimulate unwholesome fantasies. They suggest criminal or sexually abnormal ideas. They furnish a rationalisation for those ideas which may be even more harmful than the impulse itself. They suggest the form a delinquent impulse may take, and supply the details of technique. They may tip the scales towards maladjustment or delinquency.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" Wertham asked a small boy, an avid horror comic reader, and had an instant and enthusiastic reply. "I want," said the child, "to be a sex maniac."

SECRET POLICE WATCH DOOMED MALENKOV

London. Information reaching here suggests that Malenkov is in mortal danger of his life, despite the news that he has been given a new post. Only the Army stands between Malenkov and the traditional "liquidation" which follows a Communist Party "re-signation."

I am told that Malenkov is watched day and night by secret police. He has practically no chance of escape and only the slenderest chance of coming back into favour again.

News is trickling through very slowly from the Soviet capital, but these facts can be pieced together:

(1) The execution of Abakumov, an accomplice of Beria, marked the final coup towards eliminating Malenkov. Abakumov was said to be implicated in the sudden death of Zhidanzov in 1948. Malenkov led the struggle against Zhidanzov and his faction.

(2) It is now clear that Malenkov made a big mistake in not forming an alliance with Beria. The two together could have held power indefinitely. Beria's fall was the work of Khrushchev and the Army.

(3) Malenkov had played down Stalinism. Under his influence Stalin's birthday was ignored in 1953. Khrushchev, through Pravda, revealed this "mistake."

It is known. But it is now certain that his "treachery" and "plotting" were not inventions of the Politburo as was at one time thought. Beria had been playing a long game in his own quest for power.

He had a profound contempt for Stalin's methods, yet was not ready to show his hand and join up with Malenkov. Probably each feared the other.

And it is becoming increasingly clear that Beria had planned a much more definite pro-Western line than Malenkov. He had established undercover contacts with the West, and intended to develop these with a view to overthrowing the Soviet regime and starting a revolt in the Ukraine.

A diplomat from one of the Scandinavian countries who knew Beria well told me: "He was the one man the West could have dealt with, and it might have meant peace in our time. He was an opportunist and entirely Machiavellian, but he saw through the rottenness of Soviet Communism."

"He made contacts with the West, but the stupidity and carelessness of certain Western Intelligence organisations resulted in his being found out by his colleagues. You may be sure that this betrayal of Beria—once he was dined into the other members of the Soviet hierarchy—has done a lot of harm."

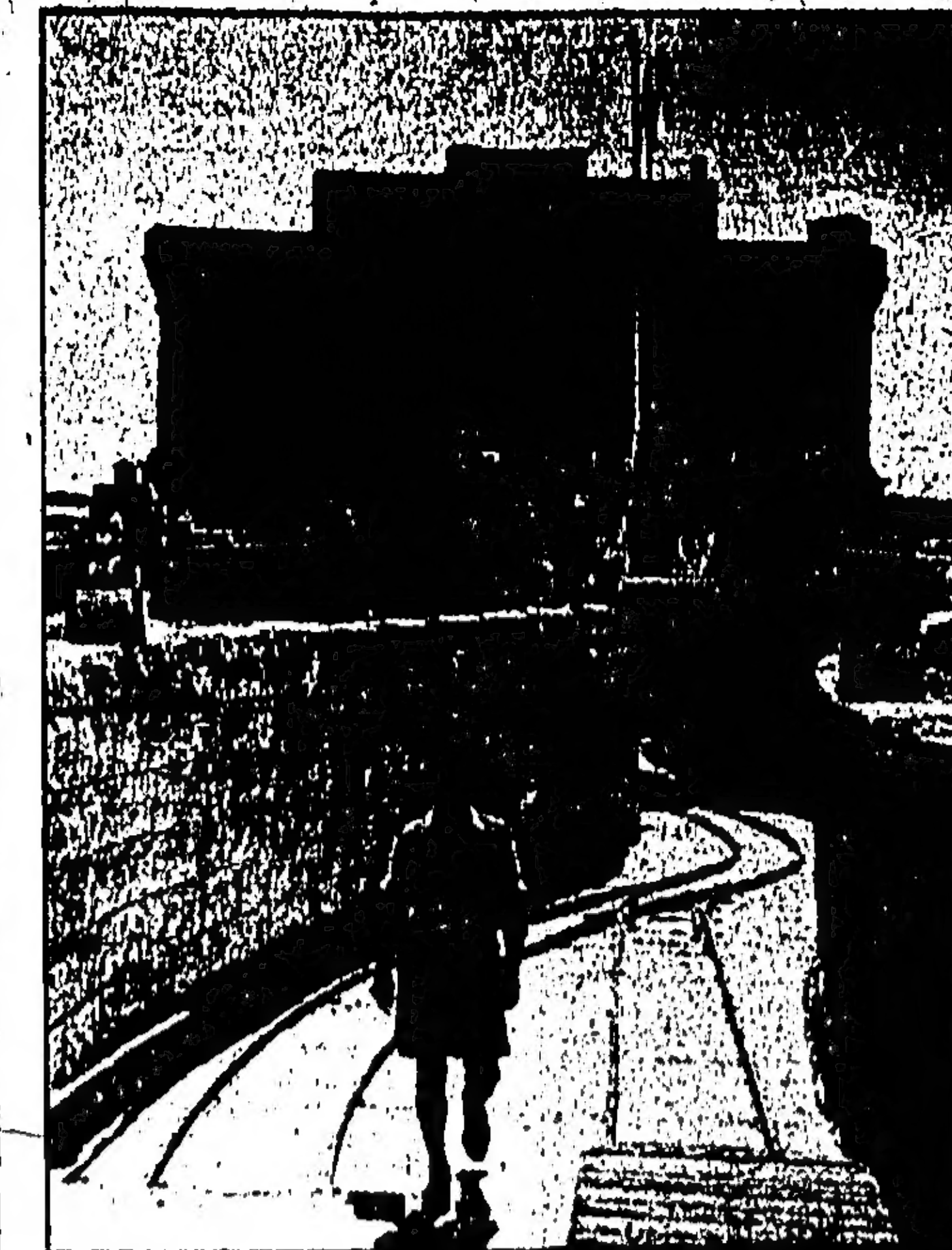
"I repeat that the West lost a great man, and what Beria

went. It was a blunder that may well prove fatal in the years to come."

This is a sensational allegation, and, of course, it can't be proved. But every shred of evidence supports it. The sudden disappearance of Rostovov in Tokyo and his subsequent quest for sanctuary... the Petrov case in Australia... both point to the truth of this theory. Rostovov and the Petrov were Beria nominees in the M.V.D.

Even more sensational, however, was Beria's alleged plan. He wanted to make his deal not with Truman, Acheson or Eisenhower, but with the right-wing of the Republican Party. Beria feared Chinese Communism. The man he wanted to make a deal with was none other than General MacArthur.

But Beria's approach did not get him to the General. His contacts at a lower level let him down. Was this treachery or incompetence?



Entrance to Fort St. Lucian, Malta. (Photo by Charles Dawson).

Concluding "Ferment In The Middle East"

THE "GEORGE CROSS" ISLAND

BY HAROLD GUARD

THE "brain centre" of NATO's south European defence system is located on this tiny British colony — and the Maltese people aren't too sure that they like it.

The bombs dropped on Malta during six years of fighting in World War II left their mark not only on the shattered buildings but also on the minds of men. These fears of a courageous people have been translated

into politics in an island where politics are both a profession and an avocation.

But the translation isn't always literal. It is modified and sometimes distorted by the fact that Malta perennially hangs from an economic and constitutional precipice.

There is a strong political faction here that wants Malta to take no part in any future war — with reservations.

During World War II, the inhabitants of the "Stationary aircraft carrier" called Malta spent their nights and their days in medieval bomb shelters. Their courage won the island the George Cross. Today, the fact that Malta has become a headquarters for NATO's forces in the Mediterranean is the overriding issue in its political life. Many Maltese feel it is an invitation to more bombs in the future.

The faction, led by fiery Dominic Mintoff, is the Maltese Labour Party, which rules in coalition with the Nationalist Party of Prime Minister Borg Olivier. But Mintoff qualifies his policy by saying that if Malta must again become a defence fortress, it should share the economic benefits of the mutual security programmes which the United States extends to other NATO members.

★ ★ ★

Last year, when it appeared likely that the NATO command in the Mediterranean would be American, Mintoff and his followers confidently expected dollar aid. The appointment of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten as C-in-C dashed their hopes.

Mintoff has now taken another line. He has accepted the fact that Malta is a NATO base but he insists that, such being the case, the local Maltese defence forces should be paid on a basis of equality with other NATO forces here.

This promises to become a major political issue during the next general election next year, when the Mintoff faction might well overcome the slender majority which carried Olivier to the head of a coalition government.

Olivier's uneasy rule has been shaken further by the British Governor's decree that all members of the NATO staff headquarters should have privileges similar to those granted in other NATO countries, including exemption from income tax. The nations represented in Mountbatten's command are France, Greece, Italy, Turkey, the United States and Britain.

★ ★ ★

Oliver has made it known to all the governments concerned that any decisions affecting the vital interests of the Maltese people should not be taken by Britain until the opinion of the Malta government has been heard.

The privileges claimed by the NATO command staff also include exemption from customs duties on auto-

mobiles, petrol, tobacco, wines and spirits.

The Governor's decree is seen by the Maltese as a strong boost for Mintoff, who can now point an accusing finger at Britain denying the Maltese peoples' claim for equality as NATO partners.

Malta was chosen as site for NATO headquarters not only because of its central geographical position, but because a first-class communications system already existed.

But no one here expects Malta to be anything but a planning centre because the island — 10 miles long and eight miles wide at its broadest point — hasn't the space for development of modern airfields.

"If vertical take-off aircraft come into service in a couple of years, we may have something based here," an RAF officer told me, "but until that day comes there is no room for runways large enough to accommodate modern jets — even if we blasted through mountains."

★ ★ ★

An ancient fort built by the Knights of St. John in the 17th century plays an active role in the NATO local defence scheme. The Knights built a string of forts on the island to guard the coastline, menaced by invaders from both Europe and Asia.

One of these forts has today an RAF Flight-Lieutenant as "Keeper of the Fort," with a "garrison" of 11 airmen. It is known as an Air Force "storage dump," and little is said about what its great vaults contain. The islanders like to whisper that its stores include "something special" in the way of bombs in the subterranean passages which honeycomb the fort's foundations.

Apart from their involvement in local political issues, the NATO command appears to be satisfied with the progress made.

Air Marshal B. V. Reynolds told me that the Malta operation had shown that a multi-national defence organisation could co-operate effectively despite language and some ideological differences.

"The first task," Reynolds said, "has been to perfect a common technique to overcome language and related operational difficulties. We have had constant exercises with the NATO naval units, aimed at decentralising the command system and giving each NATO country in turn command of an individual defence zone. The results have been encouraging."

THE END
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William Hickey

IN TWO WORDS WE SUM UP OUR PRIDE IN ONE MAN

London. I THINK we will all be glad that the Queen has made Albert Schweitzer an honorary member of the Order of Merit.

It is a small band of men, just 24 in number.

But they are the chosen ones, the great ones, the ones who have perpetuated our greatness in thought, in art, in science, in statesmanship, in arms — the Churchill, the Augustus John, the Vaughan Williams, the Trevelyan, the Alanbrooke.

They are the great ones of our land, but I think that the name of Schweitzer in the Order honours them.

The symbol

It is not that Schweitzer, who was 80 in January, is a great musician. A master of the organ. A healer of the sick in Equatorial Africa

since 1913. A philosopher. A theologian.

There are other missionaries. Other missionaries. Other learned men.

It is that Schweitzer has become for us a symbol of the good man.

We—I speak for my generation—need him so desperately.

In our arrogance we thought that we could do without God. In our arrogance we laughed at the idea of the Devil.

Then came the war. And, worse than the war, the realisation that the Devil worked in such men as Hitler. And then we thought and realised that the Devil was in all of us.

I remember the pathos of Joad, the philosopher of our generation, when he realised before his death that there was a power of evil.

But God is good. And with the realisation of a power of the Devil, we accepted thankfully the idea of the power of good.

A shield

And Schweitzer, the humble man, the man in the smelly suit, the man who had renounced the world, has gradually become to us a symbol of good to replace the Hitler.

He is a smiling man, who makes not very good jokes but doesn't quite understand what all the fuss about him is these last few years. Why men and women of good will—and failing—have learned to reverence him.

He is our tower, our shield — our proof that man is capable of great good as well as of great evil.

The shadows over our lives — no, more important, over our souls — have lengthened since the war. The darkness of knowledge that is only destruction has obscured the light of humanity.

And then we have thought of Schweitzer... his big, rather awkward frame moving from his simple quarters to the hospital where the black man and woman wait with sore and foul diseases.

We have thought of his music — his playing of Johann Sebastian Bach... of his love of Paul, of his piety for Jesus.

I suppose that intellectually he is a genius. But he is also simple.

It is hard for us, soiled with our lives, to understand simplicity. We can only at times half-sense it. Perhaps looking at a Doric column. A Shakespeare sonnet. A chord of music.

But Schweitzer's life seems always to have that quality — in working hours, in leisure, in talking — a quality that we can only fumble for.

But we recognise it. Thank God! We can recognise it. We know it for good.

And when we regard the pastor's son from Alsace, it is our hearts that cry out: "Yes! It can be done! Man can lead the good life."

His philosophy

He has spoken and written of his philosophy. "Reverence for Life."

It is something that we set against Hitler's philosophy, which was "Contempt for Life."

We have lived through so much. Worse problems await our answer. It is an old, old, old story. Man must fight in himself and in the world the battle of good and evil.

So when the British nation, through its Queen, enrolls Albert Schweitzer in its Order of Merit, it is not just honouring a man.

It is making an affirmation of its belief in mankind.

In solitude

"THE human spirit is not dead, but it lives on in solitude. It has realised that it now has nothing but the essential nature of man on which to base itself."

"It is now independent of all knowledge and the struggle for that independence. It is convinced, too, that compassion, the source of all ethics, must embrace all living creatures and not limit itself to mankind."

"Ancient ethics had not this depth, this strength of conviction; but beside it there now stands a new ethic—that of respect for life—whose validity is more and more acknowledged."

SCHWEITZER talking in Oslo when he received the Nobel Prize for Peace last year.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

London's Top Twelve Designers Agree On

THE LONG, LEAN LOOK

By DOROTHY BARKLEY



For Morning: A silk dress, with matching jacket, following the new long line. Material is scribble-printed silk. By John Cavanagh.

She Wears Gloves With Bathing Suits

NEW YORK. Dark-eyed Yvonne Sergent boasts she wears gloves more often than any other woman in the world. They're to protect her \$50,000 hands.

The Paris-born Yvonne even wears gloves with a bathing suit.

"Most people think I'm crazy when they see me on the beach," she said.

Actually, Yvonne can't afford to let her hands sunburn. Pretty enough to have made her face her fortune, Miss Sergent is a hand model, and gloves are a vital part of her wardrobe.

In Museum

You've seen her hands which she has insured for \$50,000 in magazine illustrations and ads. A prize-winning photograph of them hangs in the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Recently a group of fellow models voted her "the girl with the most beautiful hands in the world."

"Without gloves," she said, "I'd be helpless. I wouldn't be able to do any housework, or have any fun."

Broken nails, scratches, blisters or chaps which are unsightly and unpleasant to most women are real disasters to Miss Sergent. The slightest imperfection in the fine white skin or the long, well-kept nails means jobs lost.

Housework

She wears white cotton gloves for occasional dusting and ironing and coloured cotton gloves to go with her swim suits. She wears mesh gloves for driving in the hottest days of summer, and plastic gloves for washing dishes or laundry.

About the only time she doesn't wear gloves is when her hands are in front of a camera...and when she works in a hospital. She works three nights a week as a volunteer nurse.

Yvonne said soap, water and cream are her only beauty aids. She washes her hands at least 25 times a day, and massages cream into them each time. She always carries a little jar of cream with her. She never cuts the cuticles or uses cuticle remover. She said the massaging and cream keep cuticle flat and flexible. She manicures her own nails which she wears about one inch long—measured from the cuticle.

Those long nails do create a few problems.

"I have to buy handbags that open easily," she said, "and I have to be careful with jewelry clasps. I can't manage the very small ones."—United Press

London, and falls in a straight line from top to toe. The jacket, cut on the lines of a man's shirt, hangs straight and is edged with braid. The look. That is one point agreed by the top designers when they released pictures of their new models a fortnight ago.

Details to notice in this line: a high, flat bust; a smooth-fitting midriff; a beltless waist; and a reed-slim skirt. Now for the individual dresses:

For morning: a slim beltless dress matched with a hip-length jacket. The dress has a new wide shoulder line, is edged with braid,



For Afternoon: The long lean look on a solid-threaded tweed dress. It has a shoulder-wide white pique collar and is by John Cavanagh.

For afternoon: a dress in fine tweed, threaded with gold. Its simplicity is offset with a shoulder-wide white pique collar.

For evening: a two-toned ball dress which features the long line to just below the waist. Wistaria blue silk makes the draped bodice and bow, and white organza, sprigged with blue mimosa, the huge skirt.

Hats for the long look go to extremes. They are either very large or very small. If large, they have wide stiff brims mounted on a small crown. If small, they are topknot hats consisting of a mass of small flowers perching on the top of the head.

As it stands here, you see the long, lean look at its leanest. But by the time it reaches you, it may have been modified.

★ ★ ★

If you want something new in fashion, you can generally rely on M. Dior to provide it. Even in costume jewellery.

In his recent jewellery collection—designed in Paris, but made and sold in Britain—he presented novel styles.

His idea is that fashion should influence costume jewellery as much as anything else. So he brings in "bib" necklaces, made up of a dozen strands of beads, festooned and draped to form a bib. These are for wear with evening dresses or high necked sweater, suggests M. Dior.

★ ★ ★

He takes coloured beads, gilt filigree, rhinestones, manufactured pearls—anything but real jewels—and gives them the styling and setting usually reserved for precious stones. He groups the jewellery into what are called "suites" so that women can buy earrings, necklace, brooch and bracelet in matching style and setting.



For Evening: The long torso line on a ball dress. Close-fitting bodice in wistaria blue silk contrasts with the bouffant skirt in white organza. By Victor Stiebel.

He puts colour into costume jewellery, and chooses pastel tones of pink and blue for his beads.

He likes variety. "Montmartre" was a draped bib necklace with pink beads strung on a fine gold chain. "Montparnasse", looking like something out of a Maharajah's jewel box, was in fine gilt filigree cascading like a water-

fall. "Faubourg St. Honore" was a bib necklace in a lattice-work design punctuated with multi-coloured drops.

He favours big, bold pieces, on a lavish, luxurious scale. No stinting for M. Dior.

His personal assistant, Mme. Marguerite Carre—her job is to "interpret his ideas to the workroom"—represented him at the London showing.

"The fashion line is pure and simple just now, so the jewellery to go with it is elaborate," she explained. "When the line is elaborate, then we have simple jewellery. The jewellery reflects the colours of the clothes it is designed to complement. Pinks and blues, tones of chestnut and sunshine yellows are the colours' just now."

From Head To Toe There's Always Something New

From BETTY WILSON

THE Spring collections are over and now comes the fashion news which starts at the head and goes down to the feet. There is news here in hair... in hats... in colours... in shoes.

Beginning at the top... some of these new Spring hats try to look like hair. And some of the new Spring hairdos—like the hair-style that Princess Margaret wore at the Trinidad State banquet—are so elaborate that no one could possibly think of perching a hat on them. These are grand-manner styles for grand-occasion dresses.

One example is having the hair dressed into a turban-like twist topped by a couple of loose half-curls.

Roger Flor, the young Frenchman with Elizabeth Arden in Paris, who went to London at Coronation time to coiff heads for crowns and coronets, dreamed up this new hairdo to complement the make-up which all the mannequins at five of the biggest dress houses in Paris are wearing.

SCHEHERAZADE STYLE

The new make-up—although it is Eastern and certainly exotic—gets right away with the Chinese slant, which is old style here.

These girls are making up the Scheherazade way—with eyebrows arched into circumplexes, eyes that are outlined with kohl, the dusky powder that women (and men use in the East)

and mouth outlined with a dark pink (it's called Oriental Rose) and filled in with a paler pink.

On the hat front, Marie-Christiane, the young Paris modiste who thought up the idea of using mink tails to imitate the horse-tail hairdo, is now making little hats set round with softly waved feathers that follow the hair-line.

MINK COLOUR

As for colours—the colour, Madame, is mink. Beneath the "drinking-straw" A-line, you'll find that the best-dressed women in Paris are wearing mink-coloured lingerie, which depicts from that pale rosy-brown we used to call bois-de-rosee to the real ranch-bred colour.

Getting down to feet, Christian Dior's models are wearing very elegant black patent leather shoes which M.

Dior likes because they are "lady-like." These shoes are cut away at the side, although heels and toes are all covered up and they are finished with a strap which runs over the instep—a thing we haven't seen for some time now.

CORSELETTE SANDALS

At Chez Fath, on the other hand, the mannequins wear sandals which are held on only by—literally—a faint pressure over the instep. Perugia de-Madame Fath in line with a signed these especially for collection which puts the emphasis on femininity. At the party which M. Perugia gave to launch a new alliance with I. Miller, of New York, models wore these "corselette" sandals as well as pumps propped up on four-inch heels made of an arc of steel. These were designed to match up with fashion's new "tail look."

(WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED London Express Service)

PRINCE PHILIP CHECKS UP

By ANNE COUPAR

JUST like any husband who helps with the washing up, Prince Philip knows the smags encountered when you use mechanical aids for household chores.

A few days ago, he went with the Queen on a private inspection of the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, which opened to the public on the first of this month.

Pausing beside a 207 electric dish-washing machine, he asked: "Does it really get the egg and grease off plates?" and "Does it wash glasses without breaking them?"

NEVER-NEVER?

Then he wanted to see how long it took to rinse the dishes. Finally, after saying: "Well, have one of those," he queried: "How much on hire purchase?"

The Queen joined in the laughter when the salesman replied: "Sir, thanks to Mr. Butler, it's going to cost a little bit more for the deposit now."

While Prince Philip looked for new ideas in the "gadgets" section, the Queen, in the meantime, was looking at the electrically heated and electrically cooled cupboards in the kitchen.

Eight hundred women answered questions to make this kitchen as ideal as possible. All the essential equipment is so arranged that food and utensils are found where they are required for use. Shelves and cupboards are so placed that articles are easily within arm's reach.

A section of the exhibition is given over to private enterprise builders, who have put up bungalows and houses priced at from just over £1,000 to nearly £25,000.

HOME FOR ONE

A "first floor flat" has been furnished by the Council of Industrial Design, and the YWCA is showing a prototype flat for the career girl. These flats are to be built in Ebury Street, Westminster. They will have a large lounge with dining table, a well-equipped kitchen and bathroom.

More pairs of nylon stockings than any exhibition visitor has seen before are displayed in the Nylon Fair, a corner flat will attract this year's wedding fashions. But answers all the tricky questions of wedding etiquette. The exhibition will be open to the public until March 15.



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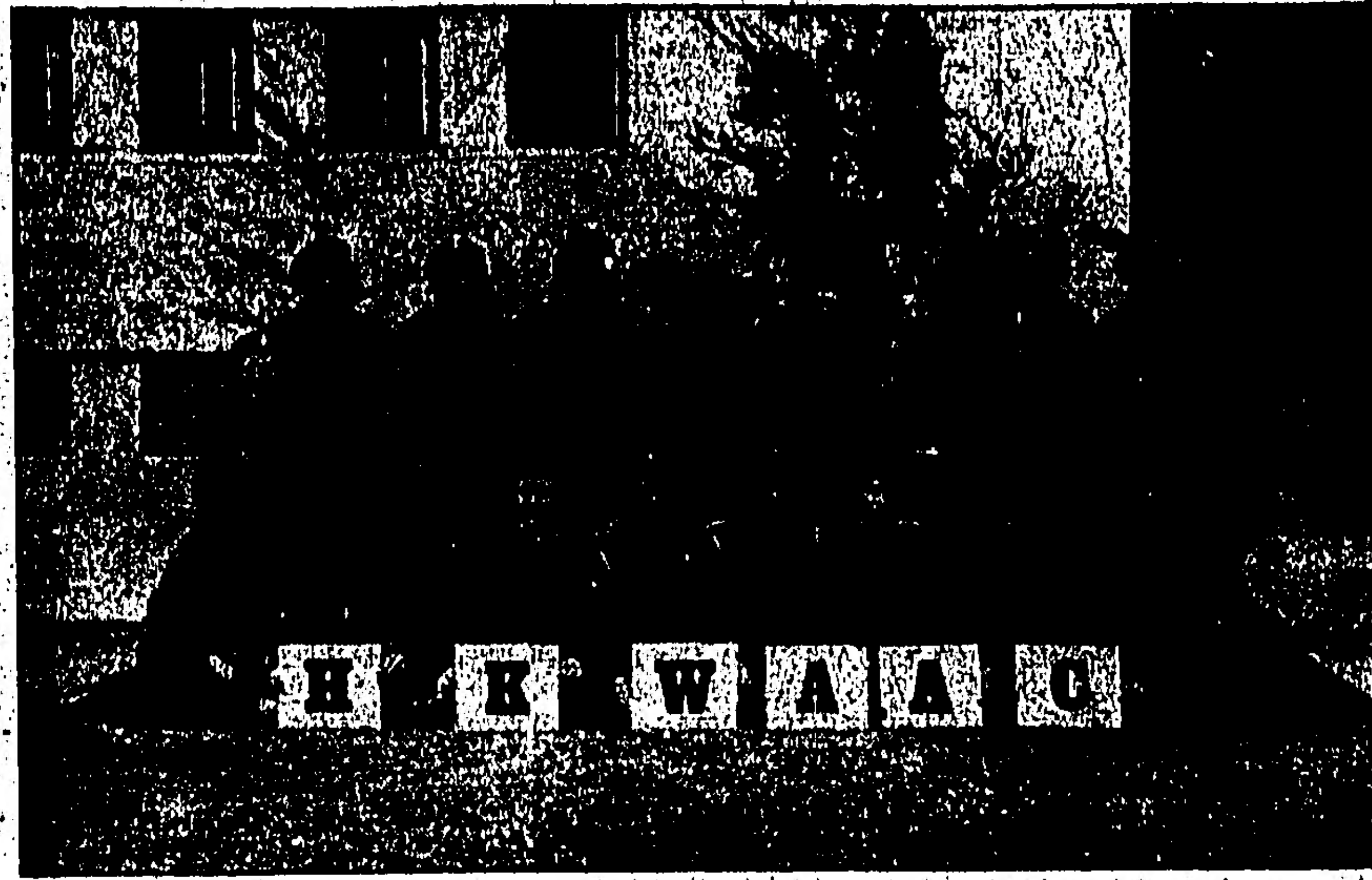
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ANOTHER OF NESTLE'S GOOD THINGS



MRS. R. R. Todd fixes a brooch presented to her by the Chinese community at a farewell dinner given in honour of her husband, the former Secretary for Chinese Affairs, and herself. With Mr and Mrs Todd in picture is the Hon. Kwok Chan. (Staff Photographer)

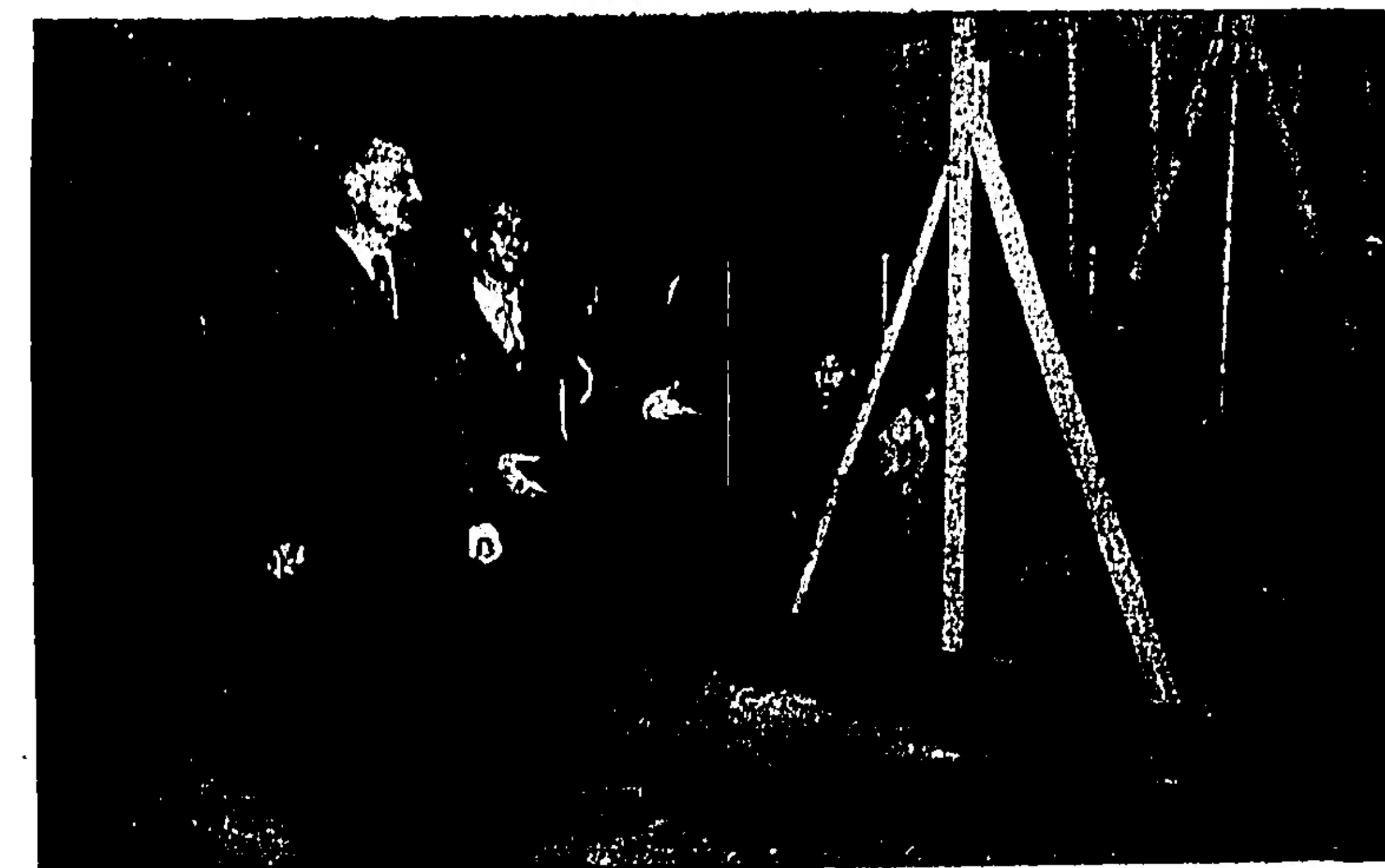
GROUP photo of the Hongkong Women's Auxiliary Army Corps taken before the final rehearsal for the annual review of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force which takes place tomorrow. Lt-Col O. F. Newton Dunn, Acting Commandant, is fourth from right in second row. (Willie's)

THE new Minister of the English Methodist Church, the Rev. E. J. Hopkins (right), is seen with the Rev. P. B. Phillipson, his predecessor, who has finished his term of service in Hongkong. Picture was taken at a welcome-cum-farewell party held on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Welsh residents bow in prayer during the St David's Day wreathlaying ceremony at the Cenotaph. (Staff Photographer)



CADET and Executive Officers of the Hongkong Government who met in a friendly cricket match last Sunday at Chater Road. The Cadets were victors. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colonial Secretary, the Hon. R. B. Black, inspects a book after accepting, on behalf of the Government, a mobile children's library presented by the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce. With Mr Black is Mr Rogerio H. Lobo. (Staff Photographer)

MR Kenneth Keen, Social Welfare Officer, shown around the new children's playground of the Shauiwan Kaifong Welfare Advancement Association which he opened last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

BRIGADIER Dame Helen S. Gillespie, Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services, chats with a patient at the 33rd General Hospital. (Staff Photographer)



MR G. A. Gordon, Headmaster of the Diocesan Boys' School, and Mrs Gordon, who are leaving Hongkong shortly, were feted by some of the old boys at a farewell dinner at the Princess Hotel on Monday. (Staff Photographer)

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WEDDING at St Andrew's Church last Saturday of Mr V. G. Yih and Miss Margaret Zau. (Staff Photographer)



PROCESSION at the Catholic Cathedral last Sunday when devout worshippers celebrated the Feast of Our Lord of Passos. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Harry Soo executing the Sword Dance, one of his contributions to the Rotary ballet programme at the Empire Theatre last Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. B. Black, who has been appointed Governor of Singapore in succession to Sir John Nicoll, with Mr and Mrs Boey Kok-keng at the cocktail party given in his honour by the Malayan Association of Hongkong. Mr Black was presented with the Association's golden emblem. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs W. H. Goodwin at the christening of their first-born, Anne Lyn, at St Margaret's Church last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Miss Wendy Yeo pulling for Duchess of Kent Hall in the women's tug-of-war event at the annual Hongkong University sports. Miss Yeo was Victrix Ludorum of the meet. (Staff Photographer)

THE Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, talks to a member of 72 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, R.A., at Whitfield Barracks in the course of his inspection of Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison units last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Thursday's christening at St Joseph's Church of Catherine Christine Marie, infant daughter of Vicomte Jacques de Soreac de Buzon, French Consul-General, and Vicomtesse de Buzon. (Willie's)

BELOW: At the Shangri-la Ball, held at the Peninsula Hotel, Tulips from Holland for Lady Grantham and others at the official table. (Staff Photographer)

WATER'S

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for

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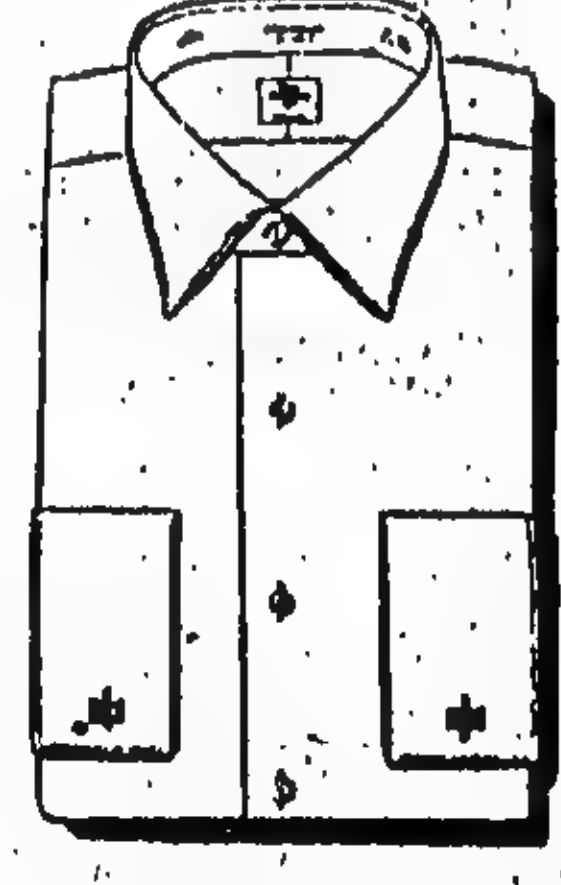
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Militant Capitalism Seeks America's Little Man

By Jacqueline Engert

DUSTY Venetian blinds and black paint are coming down from the offices of America's stockbrokers.

Under a vigorous campaign to popularise the obscure world of stocks and shares, offices will have bright, cheerful decoration and modern furniture. There will be animated displays of facts and figures, also, with pictures and coloured lights in the windows.

Smiling brokers will chat with typists and housewives and persuade them they can dabble in Wall Street with so little as 50 cents a day—or less.

\$\$\$

THIS is the "new look" sponsored by the New York Stock Exchange—a nationwide plan to get Americans more investment-minded.

"We aim to see that everyone has an opportunity to invest," says Mr. Ruddle Lawrence, Stock Exchange Vice-President, heading the promotion drive. "Of course, not everyone should own stocks and shares, but if everyone knows what goes on, we think it will help combat the current 'isms'—

Communism, for example. Yes, you could call it militant capitalism."

In Wall Street, they are calling it the "age of the little financier." Brokers are seeking the secretary putting by a nest-egg, the GI saving for his post-service education, the farmer and the factory hand, and anybody else with some dollars set aside.

Nine million Americans own stock. But through advertising and direct mail, the Stock Exchange and its members hope to reach 60 million people. They plan to organise staid stockbrokers into a speakers' bureau and direct them into city and suburb and farm town.

The power shaping the new look is dynamic Keith Funston, President of the Stock Exchange.

In this job for three booming years, he is young (44), tall, handsome and idealistic. "He lives and breathes his job," says a colleague. Owning an English-style house in fashionable Connecticut, he has an attractive wife and three children. And he directs his "brain-child" campaign from his office in Wall Street's grim canyon of skyscrapers.

"Own your share of American business" is Wall

Street's advertising slogan spread across 600 newspapers at the breakfast tables of 44 million readers.

"I never realised it was so easy to buy stock!" exclaims a forest ranger to a friend in an advertisement strip cartoon. Varied "ads" instruct: "How to better your dollars to succeed."

Booklets on the monthly investment plan—known simply as MIP on the floor of the Stock Exchange—show a smiling young man with a factory tucked under his arm.

Funston started the "popularisation" programme on January 25, 1954, with a scheme for \$40-a-month investment plans.

\$\$\$

SINCE then, 80,000 monthly investment plans have been launched. This will represent \$68 million in one to five years' time when they are completed.

The new small-time investors have already poured twelve million dollars into share-ownership. They own 340,000 shares. And new "plans" are being started up at the rate of 150 a day.

Typists wanting to own high-priced shares buy a fraction at a time in instalments—and receive fractional dividends. One out of every six new investment plans is opened by a woman; an equal number are joint accounts held by married couples. Brokers say women ask most questions in response to the high-powered advertising campaign being waged up and down the country. And women like to invest in companies whose names they can see on the shelves of their local supermarket or grocery store.

\$\$\$

AT trading pools on the floor of the stock market, at 11, Wall Street, grey, yellow and black-jacketed clerks are pacing faster and faster at the end of their curling telephone wires, taking more and more orders. "The floor is filled with more people than a church hall after a children's Christmas party," says a sophisticated young woman in a fashionable pale blue dress. "There are 1,000,000 shares in the market, and the price is going up."



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Do you drink wine? Or do you scoff at its virtues? Here are some facts about a precious but most fastidious substance

WINE IS A LIVE THING

By PETER NORTHEED

BEEER and spirit drinkers sometimes scoff at the allegedly unique qualities and virtues of wine, as extolled by wine-lovers, but it is the only human drink that is a living substance.

Fruit-juice, beer, tea, coffee and the rest are mere chemical solutions of varying kinds, but wine is in addition a live thing, growing slowly to maturity, reacting all the time to external conditions and treatment, and finally dying—if not drunk before.

Temporary illness or sickness, decay and fatal disease—these things wine may suffer from, for the process by which fresh grape juice ferments is primarily an organic one, resulting in a liquid full of life as well as sunshine.

This fact can be proved to sceptics by the uncanny way in which wine in barrels in a cellar goes "off colour" early in the summer, when the growing vines are flowering, and early in the autumn at vintage time—the two natural crises in the life of the vine itself. Wine maybe several years old may still react as if in sympathy with unpressed grapes.

EASILY UPSET

Wine is a fastidious substance, easily upset by unsympathetic treatment. Strong sunlight or artificial light for long periods, noise, movement, continual handling and vibration all send otherwise good wine sick or less attractive.

It needs "rest" after a journey and a long enough period in cask or bottle, or both, to develop its qualities to the full. This may be 12 months at the very least, or it may be 50 years or more. And at no time should it be disturbed, over-heated or suddenly cooled without warning, otherwise it is liable to fall into a slow but definite decline which ends, inevitably in a sterile death, when it becomes flat, immutable, tasteless, sour and quite useless as a drink.

People who store away a little "cellar" of wine under the stairs in daily use are merely subjecting precious bottles to endless vibration, while those who keep their wine close to a barrel or bottle of vinegar are simply asking for immediate decay in the more valuable liquid, which will swiftly end up as vinegar itself!

MIXED GRAPES

It is quite possible to make white wine from black grapes, providing the skins are removed from the pressings before fermentation is complete. Indeed, champagne, a white wine, is nearly always made from black and white grapes mixed. But red wine must always come from black grapes.

Sparkling wines merely retain in solution some of the carbon dioxide gas of natural fermentation, which is usually allowed to subside completely before still wines are sealed in casks.

Most beverage wines, like claret and burgundy consist of nothing but grapes, usually fermented, but to other wines small quantities of sugary syrup (champagne), brandy (port and sherry), or aromatic herbs may be added. In addition, several wines, notably vermouth and sherry, are exposed in open casks to the sun's rays for as long as two years, as part of their maturation.

VITAL PARTS

These treatments are vital parts of a wine's development, and have nothing to do with the dosing with white of egg or similar harmless glutinous substances that the wine merchant calls "fining" and resorts to when he wants to put a cake of wine overclouded with colouring, tannin, salts or impurities in suspension.

Incidentally, the accepted trade definition of wine is "the beverage obtained from fresh grapes, which is usually allowed to subside completely before still wines are sealed in casks."

and exposes the sale of such products to open abuse.

Indeed, not only must a true designated wine come from its country of origin—hock from Germany, sherry from Spain, burgundy from France, and so on—but it must also derive from grapes grown in particular vineyards in a special area. Thus Chablis, a white burgundy, must, by French law, originate in the few 100 acres around the village of that name.

Although 80 of the 89 departments of France grow vines such as Chablis, a white burgundy, must, by French law, originate in the few 100 acres around the village of that name.

SENSE OF SMELL

All French wines made since the end of the last century have been grown on disease-free vine stocks imported from the United States to replace those wiped out in the great phylloxera plague. Fortunately American root-stocks are immune to the attacks of the bug responsible, otherwise the French wine industry, almost as old as civilisation, might have collapsed before 1900.

Those who might envy the professional wine-taster his job may be unaware that he very rarely swallows any of the drinks he is examining. Relying mainly on the sense of smell, he takes a moderate sip of the wine, rolls it round his mouth and under his tongue before finally spitting it out again.

This is hardly surprising, for a man trying 40 or 50 different samples of wine in a vineyard cellar, some raw or still green, would need a cast-iron stomach to be able to drink everyone!

For a day or so before an important tasting session, a taster abstains from eating spiced or strongly-flavoured food, and from smoking, so that his palate is not dulled. During the work, many of these highly-skilled men chew morsels of mild cheese and stale rye bread to cleanse their palates between samples.

THE BOUQUET

The use of the sense of smell in wine-drinking is often underestimated: the real connoisseur claims that at least half his enjoyment comes from sniffing the "bouquet" thrown off in his glass. With experience it is possible to detect such ingredients of the aroma of a wine as the salty tang of Manzanilla sherry, made from grapes grown close to the sea not far from Gibraltar.

Experts claim, too, to be able to detect in the taste of a wine its soil of origin—from the rather bitter ironstone of Burgundy, through the gravelly terrain of Graves to the flinty tang of Chablis.

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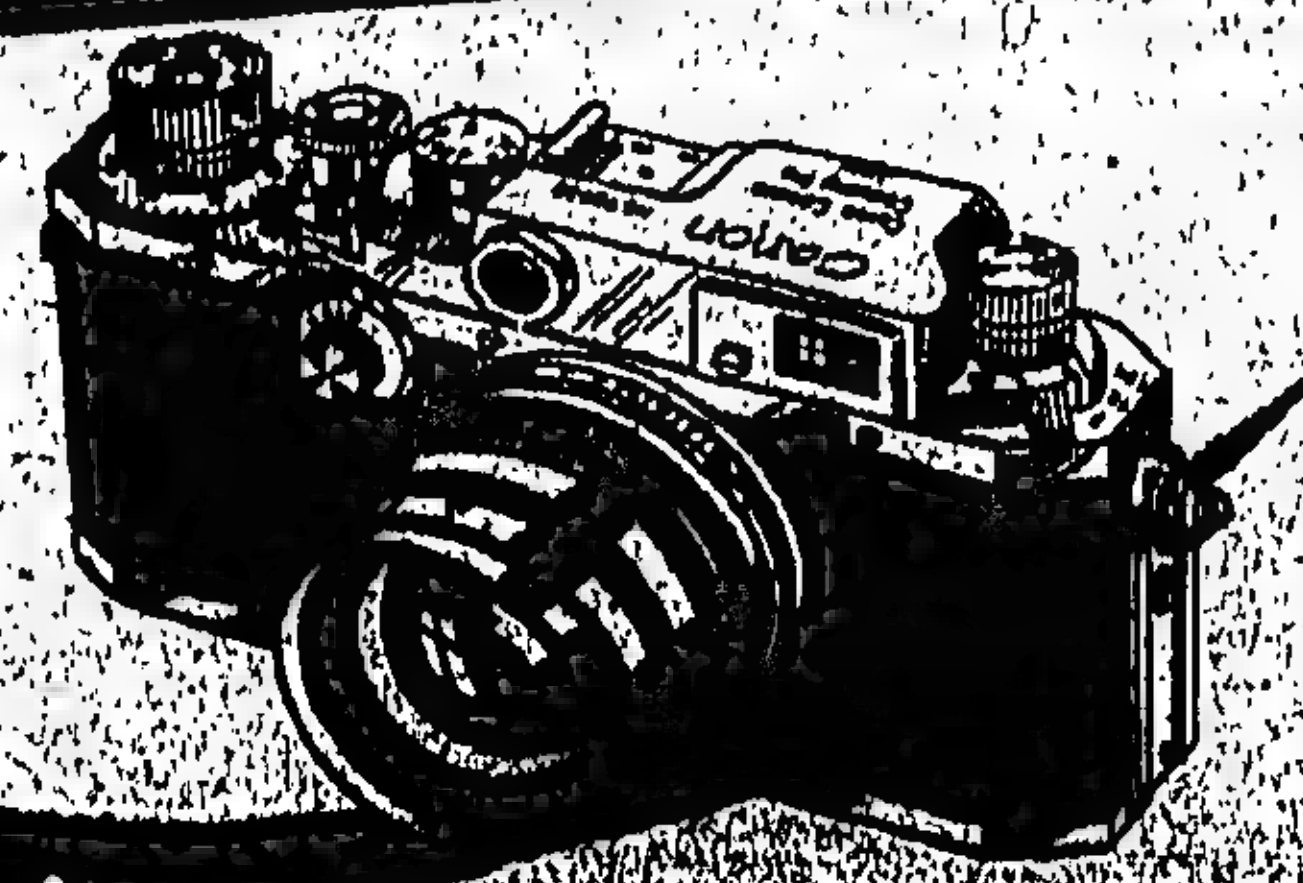
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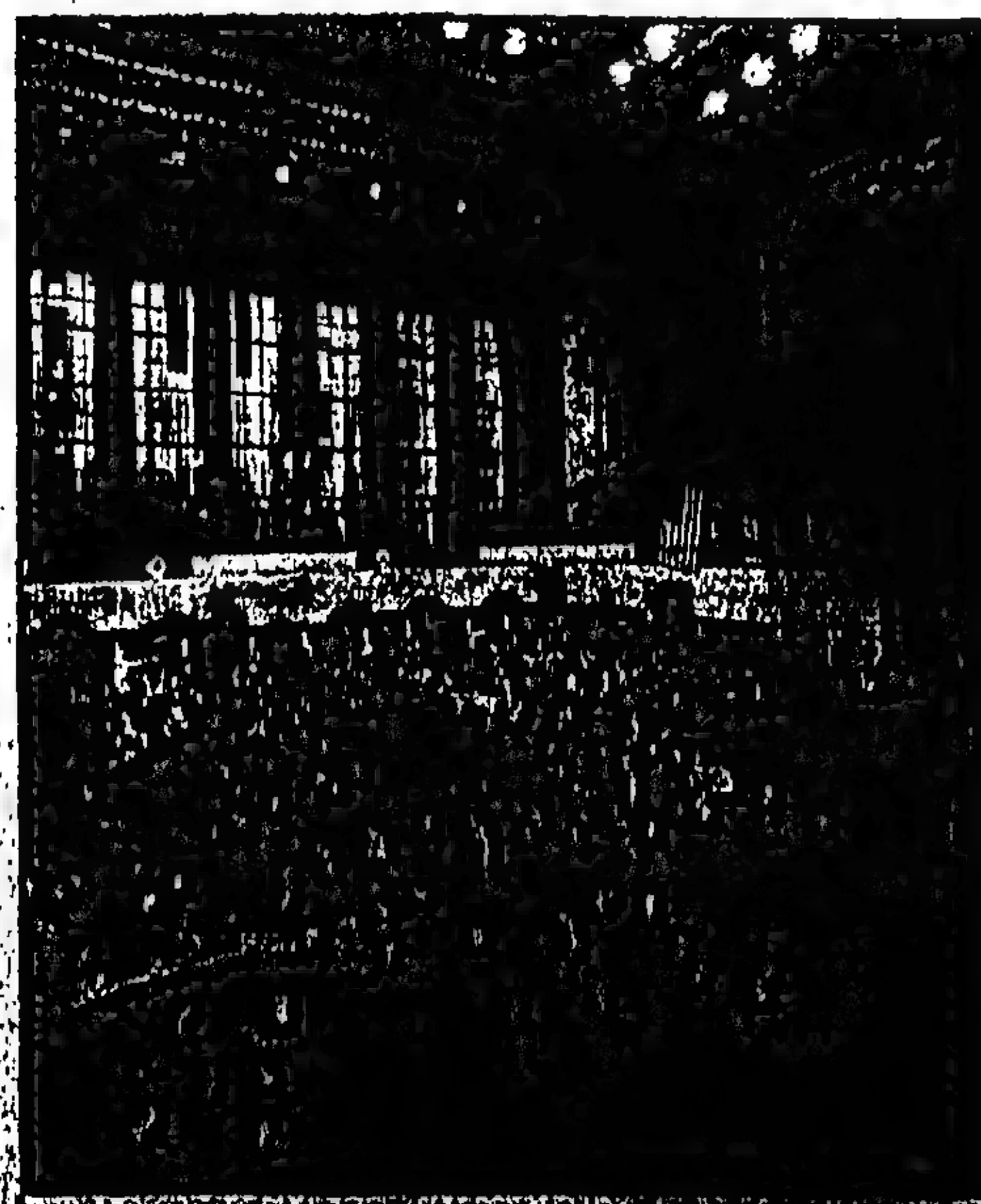
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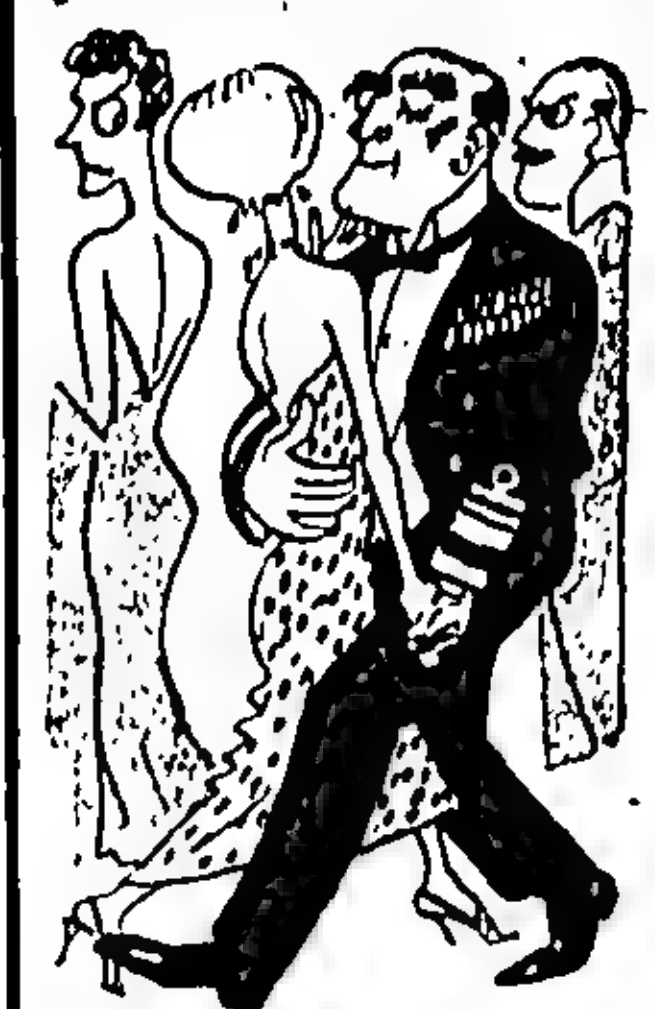
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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"It's no good blaming little me, darling—I'm just one of those new guided missiles they've got hold of."

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

HAPPY AGAIN Forty million Frenchmen, almost bludgeoned into totalism by the anti-liquor cries of former French Premier Pierre Mendes-France, went back to their old habits this week without a quiver of conscience.

For the French Academy of Medicine, after three years' research on the food value of pasteurized milk, came out with the finding that pasteurized milk sold in France contained at least 1,500,000 potentially harmful germs per unit.

The academy said that more than 63 percent of milk analysed during these three years of research was not up to standard.

The milk bought in dairies at present should be boiled for at

least five minutes before being drunk," said the academy.

Gleeful Frenchmen, now given a good enough reason to forget the orders of the former Premier three months ago, heaved a collective sigh of relief.

They read with nostalgia the news that a pint of milk bought by a customer as long as 24 hours after being taken from the cow contained 200 million germs of all noxious kinds.

France's three million private alcohol distillers, main target for Mendes-France's drink-more-milk campaign, quickly pointed out that there were no germs in alcohol—the alcohol killed them stone dead.

The new disclosures had these effects:

Mothers of children ordered to drink half-a-pint of free milk in the schools by Mendes-France thought about going back to the old practice of giving their children a pint of watered wine in their satchels to take to school.

Army men, ordered to drink a quarter of a pint of milk with their morning coffee were already reported pouring it down the sink.

And hearing the academy's warning that "milk must not be drunk if it has not been kept at a temperature of less than 60 degrees," smug, smiling barnens, doing a bumper trade cracked: "But this liquor is all-weather, all-purpose stuff."

N-NO ONE ST-STUTTERS Nobody stutters in Singapore—or, if they do, they want to keep on stuttering.

And because of it a speech therapist, beautiful 28-year-old Th-Th-Thelma Hale, of London, is g-g-g-going out of business.

Last week, two years after coming out, and finding no one who st-st-stuttered, she made a final appeal for stutterers to come and get cured.

Still nobody c-c-came.

MARRIAGE BAN Sixteen couples living in York-shire's Castleford district are annoyed with a local rector because he won't marry them and help them beat the tax collector.

They all wanted to get married some time between March 27 and April 2—a time when they could get the biggest tax rebates.

The income-tax year ends on April 5 and anyone who gets married before then can claim big tax rebates for the current year.

But the Rev. Peter Spivey, rector of the nearby, stately village of Whitwood Mere, has turned down the best-of-the-tax-weddings—mainly because Passiontide, a religious festival, falls between March 27 and April 2.

Said he: "I was forced to apply the ban because I was being asked to perform marriages even on Good Friday."

"Few of those couples who want to be married on the forbidden days are seen at other services anyway."

DEADLY MONDAY If you have a road accident on your way to work (or on your way home) it is 80 percent more likely to be on a Monday than on a Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday.

The above conclusion has been reached by the Belgian Association for Accident Prevention in factories where employers must all insure their workers for accidents which may occur while they are on their way between factory and home.

The "Beware Death on Monday" warning is based on statistics covering accidents over a period of years, although apart from revealing that more accidents do happen on Mondays, the statistics do not reveal why.

Psychologists, however, are ready to provide Belgium's Accident Prevention Association with a possible answer. Namely: "That Monday morning feeling that you might as well be dead, anyway!"

RECEIVING ATTENTION A poltergeist—and it is not a poltergeist—has been keeping a family awake at night in the Yorkshire village of Sowerby Bridge.

And it is such a noisy ghost that the family has to move out of their old cottage at 8.30 every evening, the time the playful ghost starts his rumpus.

After supper Bodgan Tarandziel takes a five-mile ride to a Halifax lodging house, and his wife and daughter walk down the road to his mother-in-law's house to spend the night.

"We can't sleep in the cottage—it's too noisy," says Tarandziel.

Councillors and officials are seriously discussing the ghost who:

Makes strange rushing noises;

Jangles pots and pans in the kitchen;

Makes clanging noises in the bedroom;

Opens fastened doors.

Announced Sowerby Bridge Council: "It is receiving attention."

DRINK JOKES Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation, heard some of the oldest jokes in the English language last week.

And, whatever else happens, there will probably be some instruction to find fresh jokes for the nation's comedy broadcasts.

That, however, wasn't the point of the stories.

They were told to Sir Ian by a deputation from the Friends' Temperance League—as examples of "undesirable references" to drink.

Specimens:

"We had a staggered holiday—my old man was staggering all the time."

"Even his moustache looks as if it had a hangover."

"I ordered unlimited wine for my guests. My orders were carried out. So were my guests."

THE P.B.I. Old soldiers and raw recruits, but especially the "old, old sweets," know what P.B.I. means. The Poor...

Infantry has had many names but P.B.I. has persisted through the years with great affection.

However, the initials have been in use longer than the modern Infantryman knows. In Roman Britain they meant "Procurator Britanniae Inferioris"—the Chief Financial Officer for the Northern Province of Britain. A lead seal found during excavations in Blossom Street, York, bears the initials and was the official mark of the Procurator of the Province.

The seal was probably fastened to a bundle of merchandise in Roman York. It was in use when the 14th Legion was stationed at York and bears the Legion's emblem—a bull. The 14th Legion was composed almost entirely of infantrymen.

PILGRIM IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND

-by George Malcolm Thomson

TIBETAN MARCHES, by André Migot. Translated by Peter Fleming. Harv-Davis, 18s. 288 pages.

TEN years ago, Dr Migot, French physician practising in Indo-China, set off on foot through the interior of China towards Tibet. The journey was dangerous; the times made it more so. The Communists were about to swoop on Peking.

Dr Migot was stripped by bandits; captured by Communists; once he met an armed convoy of the fabulously rich Chinese Generalissimo. It was transporting a large consignment of opium, the general's property.

Generals, he explains, employed their armies as far as possible on duties of a useful and constructive kind. Times were hard; to neglect one's own or one's dependants' interests is not a mark of discernment.

Dr Migot was equipped for his journey with a physical toughness that made light of fatigue, cold, dirt, lice; with a liking for the Chinese, an eye for a pretty girl and a taste for theological disputation.

He could read and write Tibetan. Above all, he had a profound sympathy for the Buddhist religion.

In one sense the climax of his remarkable journey was his clandestine—and frustrated—dash for Lhasa over mountain passes 16,000 feet high. In another sense it occurred when, with intricate ritual, he was initiated into the Buddhist Church in a Tibetan monastery.

Mysteries He had been a pilgrim as well as a traveller, a seeker as well as an explorer. And he found what?

That, to unveil all the mysteries of this religion, a man would have to spend more than one life in the tantalising twilight of Tibet.

For six months Dr Migot had passed through a world which had hardly changed during 30 centuries. He had looked on the blue waters of a sacred Tibetan lake which only half a dozen Europeans have sighted.

He had met fur-clad horsemen who might have marched with Genghis Khan. He had talked about the spiritual lives of Lamas who had spent their lives in meditation, and about Marx with austere young officers

of the Chinese Eighth Route Army.

He had instructed a Living Buddha (aged 28) in the camera. Crawling under an altar, fitted up as a dark-room, they developed the Buddha's films. Two Lamas spread their robes to block out light from chinks in the wooden framework.

For six months he did not see a wheeled vehicle.

It was his good fortune to visit that strange world of Central Asia just before it was swept by change. Now the Dalai Lama is a prisoner of the Chinese Reds; a military highway runs across the Tibetan plateau towards India.

New masters

Yet Dr Migot's vivid, equitable account of his journey, rendered in jaunty English by Peter Fleming, encourages a belief that the ancient Tibet he loves will somehow come to terms with its new masters, and outlive them.

In the last sentence of his book the courageous wanderer says at last in Peking is meditating a second expedition into the tantalising twilight. With only one life at his disposal, he could spare a little more of it on the quest for spiritual peace and ancient wisdom.

MRS. SIDDONS, TRAGIC ACTRESS—By Yvonne French. Derek Verschoyle, 21s. 256 pages.

SARAH SIDDONS was, for a generation in the 18th century, the undisputed queen of the English stage. William Siddons, her husband, was far from being his king.

Yet every week when Mrs Siddons brought home her salary Mr Siddons took nine-tenths of it and handed her back the rest. The 18th century was the 18th century and Mrs Siddons did not dream of disputing an English husband's rights.

Besides, by one act of boldness, Siddons might almost be said to have deserved his good fortune.

When Sarah was a girl of 17, she had caught the eye of a squiro at Brown. Her parents, wretchedly poor, strolling players, were dazzled by the prospect of such a marriage and, since Sarah had shown an untimely interest in her fellow-

playlet, Siddons, they dismissed him from their company.

At his farewell performance, Siddons recited a poem of his own "The Discarded Lover," describing his position. As he left the stage, Sarah's mother boxed his ears; Sarah promised to marry him.

At 19 she had her first glimpse of better luck. A party of aristocrats who went to fear at her in Cheltenham were overcome by the pathos of her performance. The theatre resounded with their sobs; soon the word reached Garrick in London that something unusual had appeared in the provinces.

He sent out a spy, sporting person named the Rev. Henry Bate, who reported that the woman Siddons had "a very good classical figure," i.e., would look well in male costume. It was hardly high praise for an actress of majestic presence. But it got Sarah a job at Drury Lane as a comic actress at £3 a week. She was a complete failure.

Into tears

Then on the night of October 10, 1782, she sent a hard-bitten London audience into floods of tears with her performance in "The Fatal Marriage." One woman went into convulsions. The curtain fell on a scene of enthusiasm unequalled, between the first night of Garrick and the last night of Keen.

Sarah's father was in tears, her husband hysterical with financial relief. Mrs Siddons was the most famous woman in England.

The box office receipts at Drury Lane were greater than ever before. The Royal family succumbed to the general infatuation. George III appointed her Preceptor in English Reading to the Princesses.

One day at Windsor the King took her aside and presented her with a blank sheet of paper at the bottom of which he had signed his name. Sarah was puzzled. The King's private life was exemplary. What could it mean? She took the paper straight to the Queen. Lunacy had for the first time attacked George III.

Sarah was a woman of the utmost responsibility. When Sheridan, chief proprietor of Drury Lane, jumped into her carriage one evening, he received the chilliest of receptions: "Mr Sheridan, I trust that you will behave with propriety. If you do not I shall immediately desire the servant to show you out."

An Institution But Sheridan was not finished. When the carriage reached her house—"Only think!" Sarah complained, "the provoking wretch bolted out in the greatest haste and away as if anxious to escape unseen!"

During 30 years she appeared on the stage, becoming each year more stately and aloof, a solemn national institution and, a less solemn legend, fond of talking, partial to being solitary, fond of turning ordinary conversation into the grand cadences of blank verse. At a banquet she alarmed the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who had asked how she liked her beef, by declaiming, "Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord."

There was one unfortunate episode when Mrs Siddons, wife of a Dublin fencing master, accused Sarah, then aged 57, of having alienated "with Satanic barbarity" her husband's affections. She was a solitary, fond of talking, partial to being solitary, fond of turning ordinary conversation into the grand cadences of blank verse. At a banquet she alarmed the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who had asked how she liked her beef, by declaiming, "Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord."

The life of this remarkable Englishwoman was vividly told by Miss French in this new, much-revised version of a pre-war biography.

Rest of the books

The King's Peace: 1637-1641. By C. V. Wedgwood. Collins, 25s. 510 pp. An account, as fascinating as any novel, of the early reign of Charles I, when everything seemed to smile on the happy King and of the small cloud which blew up from contented Scotland, pre-empting a storm that would sweep away the King, his chosen statesmen, the monarchy itself. Here is a story with the minimum of partisan feeling—Bentinck as it was before that ideological struggle; its great personalities in Church and State; the causes for which a few men were ready to fight and many had to suffer. Distinguished history.

The Spider King. By Lawrence Sanders. Collins, 25s. 510 pp. Mr. Sanders' fall in his history of the reign of Charles I, when everything seemed to smile on the happy King and of the small cloud which blew up from contented Scotland, pre-empting a storm that would sweep away the King, his chosen statesmen, the monarchy itself. Here is a story with the minimum of partisan feeling—Bentinck as it was before that ideological struggle; its great personalities in Church and State; the causes for which a few men were ready to fight and many had to suffer. Distinguished history.

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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Promises Of Reform

BY HARRY WEINERT



"YOU KEEP THE RESOLUTION TO ECONOMIZE—
I'LL KEEP THE SCORE!"

THERE ARE SO MANY WAYS IN WHICH A HUSBAND NEEDS REFORM THAT IT'S BEST TO MAKE HIM SIGN A BLANKET AGREEMENT—INCLUDING THE THINGS HE HASN'T BEEN CAUGHT AT YET



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ONE SYSTEM IS TO DENY EVERYTHING AND TO PROMISE TO REFORM—IF AND WHEN THEY HAVE THE GOODS ON YOU.



DON'T FORGET TO TAKE CARE OF THESE BILLS!

RESOLVED: TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS—



THE CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK PROMISES TO REFORM, TOMORROW OR SOMETIME—HE HAS SOME ACCOUNTS TO SQUARE FIRST.



A TRAFFIC SIGN BY THE BESIDE IN THE COLD GRAY DAWN INDICATES THE TIME IS RIFE FOR A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION OR TWO.



"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DO THE MAMBO! AND ALL BY YOURSELF TOO!"

"YEAH—HE WAS SOME PARTY!"

FURTHER INDICATIONS THAT IT'S TIME TO REFORM.



"WE'RE INVITED OUT TONIGHT."

"NOT ME! I MADE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION—ONCE I'M HOME—I'M STAYING HOME!"

THEY SAID JACK WARDROP WAS FINISHED, BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW JACK

Six months ago they said Jack Wardrop was finished. He would retire, or so the critics thought. They didn't know Jack.

The British champion swimmer redoubled his efforts. And last month at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the 23-year-old Scotsman, holder of every British swimming record from the Hundred Yards to the Mile, clipped nearly a second off the world's best time for the 220 Yards Free Style.

He was swimming for Michigan University, where he and twin brother Bert are on an athletic scholarship, against the University of Iowa. His time was 2 min. 3.9 sec.

Jack did more than break a record. He beat the unbeatable, Ford Konno, Hawaii's "human fish", the man whose record was reckoned as permanent.

Those who said Wardrop was finished can take heart. They helped him break the record.

It was last September that Jack was written off. He arrived at Turin for the European Championships pale and drawn from studies and part-time work. He was also nursing a strained shoulder. He failed even to qualify for the final.

But last week at the time when "I will show those who think I am burnt out," he did. Three weeks later, he finished so far ahead in the English 220 Yards Free Style Championship that he had time to turn around, lean against the end of the bath and watch a thrilling race for second place.

THE RECIPE

The Wardrop success recipe: "Speed first, last and always." After breaking that 220 Yards record he gave this advice to young hopefuls: "Don't worry too much about style or pay too much attention to perfecting the stroke."

"After all it is the man who crosses the finishing line first who gets the honour—not the man who has the pretty style and comes in last."

Jack is certain to be selected for Britain's Olympic team next year. After all he is a World Champion. But it will be some time before he returns home to Glasgow where the swimming Wardrop twins again.

"We have to make some money," explains Jack. "We are taking charge of the swimming pool at Franklin Hill Country Club near Detroit. Will it affect our amateur status? No. We were careful to check up on that."

What happens after that to the more famous half of the twins, who at 17 was an English Champion and has since collected nearly every honour the sport can offer?

Getting to the top is one thing. Staying there is another. At the moment, both twins are enjoying life in the United States.

Stutes. The swimming competition is tough and it makes you want to work harder and harder to win. It means much more to you when you do succeed."

But swimming is not everything. Jack is studying to become a lawyer. Meanwhile he is content to be World Champion. (London Express Service).



Jack Wardrop, Britain's holder of the 220 Yards Free Style World Swimming record.—Express Photo.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Blackhawks Play Americans Tomorrow In The Senior "B" Decider

Commencing today the last-round crucial tournaments of the Softball Leagues will be the entertainment for local fans. Blackhawks Aces and Americans will meet on Sunday afternoon in a deciding game for the Senior "B" League Championship. The University will play against the Overseas Aces to complete the schedule of the same division. Pandas Aces will battle with the Chinese Athletics in a vital contest in order to remain in the Senior "A" Pennant race, and League-leading Saints will have a friendly match with the U.S. Navy to fill the gap.

The Junior Final play-off series will commence this Saturday with Blackhawks Bees v. the Comets and Ducks v. the Junior Athletics on Sunday. The other games will be preliminaries of the Junior Consolation Knock-out competition in which Seventeeners, South China Jr. and Lynx will cross bat with Pandas Jr., Wah Ying and Overseas Jr. respectively.

Buster Holland's Blackhawks Aces are mostly players of Senior "A" calibre except their slinksters, who are considered to be a little weak for top division. However, they have had a successful season in the Senior "B" League and good preparative workouts well worthwhile for their future debut in the "A" Division.

In their battery there are Joey Green, Reggie Barretto of the minors and Marcus Souza and Eric Remedios behind the plate. Infielders are Roberto and Manuel Nunes, Manuel and Eddie Remedios, Dobby Ribeiro and outfielders, Gerry and Donel Remedios, John Pereira, Tony Rodriguez and Bernard Silva. They form a hard-hitting squad and are favoured to shoulder the Yankee to clinch the Senior "B" title.

Bob Suzman's Americans, on the other hand, are as tough and hardy as their opponents. They possess good slugging quality and steadfast fielding ability. Their battery consists of slow and steady Jack Bordwell and "Red" hot Mario Pereira. Around the bases are Ken Donaldson, Jim Armstrong and Jack Carvalho with Claude Pugh guarding the alley.

Roaming the outer garden are H. Winder, Ricky Wheeler, Ralph Burling and Jim Haney. They have to their best advantage a home-side cheering squad which undoubtedly contributed much to their good performances and may upset the more favoured Blackhawks Aces.

The undergraduates will have a close tussle with the Overseas Aces as both have made good improvements during the season.

EVEN MORE CRUCIAL

The crippled Pandas Aces are meeting their bitter foe again who repeatedly tormented them in the past despite their best efforts. It is even more crucial this time as one more setback for the Cats will mean their dropping out of the Pennant race, though the final decision still depends on the last two games of Saints against Braves and the Pandas. However, the Chinese Athletics may not turn out in full strength and Pandas should be able to score a victory and remain in the hot race.

The Athletics are a strong team if they turn out in full and play hard. Since they lost hope of Pennant glory, their coach has had hard time in fielding a strong and full team. They even gave a walkover to the bottom Delawares.

Saints are playing a friendly match with the U.S. Navy. It is still unknown which ship will represent the Navy since USS Wilson has pulled out of harbour.

In the Junior Play-off Series, Comets are slightly favoured over the Blackhawks Bees though the latter are more experienced in the field. Ducks are a well balanced team and they should be able to hold back CAA.

In the Knockout Series, Pandas Jr. and Lynx should be able to eliminate their opponents, Seventeeners and Overseas Jr. Wah Ying and South China Jr. will have an even battle with the former at a slight advantage.

Jr. will have an even battle with the former at a slight advantage.

THE PROGRAMME

The complete programme is as follows:—
Saturday
2:30 p.m.: (A) Seventeeners vs. Pandas Jr.
3:30 p.m.: (A) Blackhawks 'B' vs. Comets; (B) South China Jr. vs. Wah Ying.

10:00 a.m.: (A) Ducks vs. CAA Jr.; a.m.: (A) Ducks vs. seas 'A'.
11:30 a.m.: (A) U.S. Navy vs. Saints (friendly match); (B) Lynx vs. Overseas Jr.
2:00 p.m.: (A) Pandas 'A' vs. CAA.
3:30 p.m.: (A) Blackhawks 'A' vs. Americans.

HE TAUGHT THE RUSSIANS SOCCER

When it is claimed that the Russians themselves fathered soccer in the Steppes, that stalwart Lancastrian sportsman, Mr. H. H. Charnock, who is now 78 and a retired cotton manufacturer living in Cambridge, will tell you that it simply is not true.

He should know, for Mr. Charnock himself claims to have taught the Russians to play football.

This was in the days when he was joint managing director of a giant Anglo-Russian cotton mill on the outskirts of Moscow.

One day he sent home for some Rugby balls, taught the same to a selected group from his 25,000 employees and put them through their Rugby paces, but the game was out when free fights developed.

He sent home for some more equipment, this time for footballs. Here again he taught some of his workpeople the rules of Soccer.

They showed such aptitude for the game that he formed a regular team to play teams of Englishmen out there.

In one of them was the late Field Marshal Lord Wavell.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Will Sing Tao Be Able To Keep Their Brilliant Team Of Young Stars Together?

By I. M. MacTAVISH

It has been quite a week in local soccer. Whatever other accusation may be laid at the door of Hongkong football it certainly can never be accused of being dull. In the space of seven short days we have seen some grand performances on the field of play; we have been sideline spectators to fiery friction and heated... even burning... words in the council chamber; but we also have, for a fleeting pleasurable moment, seen the progress of time arrested and the pages of history flicked back to enable the great stars of yesteryears like Lee Wai-tong and Lai Shiu-wing to entertain us once again.

If this morning these two famous players still twinge and groan from aching muscles and creaking bones, I hope they will find embrocational consolation in the knowledge, that their sporting appearance in the Annual Referees Match was for many good people, a nostalgic flashback to a halcyon past.

And so from the days gone by to these present turbulent times. While I was at Caroline Hill last week-end for the Kitchener St. Joseph's game I had the pleasure of some earnest conversation with two prominent resident members of our football community.

I say resident, to indicate that these gentlemen belong here. They have a long history of service to the game and one hopes that they will be able to go on with this work for many more years.

Both of them made remarks that set me thinking and I am sure that neither of them will mind my discussing them here. The first point arose while I was talking about the thrilling resurrection of Sing Tao this season. The Tigers committee has achieved wonders with a side in which long established stars have been successfully encouraged to adjust their methods to suit a team plan that is based on the speed and virility of youth.

I remarked that in another season or so the line-up would be one of the finest in the Colony, but they drew the surprise comment: "I wonder how many of them will still be with Sing Tao...?"

NEAR STARDOM

The implications of the remark are too obvious to need much explanation, but it is the considered opinion of those whose judgment I respect that several of the mercurial youngsters who have reached near stardom in yellow and black shirts will be offered apparently attractive inducements to change their quarters at the end of the season.

While such things are to be deprecated it has to be admitted that they happen to a greater or lesser degree wherever football is played, and of course they happen in other realms of sport too.

However these youngsters would be well advised to look clearly into the future. To look away beyond tomorrow or next month... or even next year... and if they have any doubts about the wisdom of that advice let them look at the current playing lists and compare them with those of only one year ago.

If they study these diligently they will note that one young player who was then a promising player—and a Colony representative—with one of the top fashionable clubs is now playing the inactive and frustrating role of 'the forgotten man' with one of the so-called fashionable combinations.

Competitive football is a heartless task-master, but human nature, being what it is, one gets used to seeing ambitious young heads pushing educated young feet along an ill-directed path. This present Sing Tao side as it stands has boundless possibilities. It would be a matter for general regret if for any reason there was to be even partial disintegration of what has been so carefully and skilfully built up.

SHOCK TO SOME

The second remark on which I would like to say a word or two is one which will come as a shock to some people. I was told that there has been hushed talk about a move to try and introduce promotion and relegation into the Colony League set-up.

Now on the surface, there is nothing very sensational about that. But it is what we hear the reason being offered in support of the move that one has to do some deep thinking.

It is being seriously suggested that some of the teams in the premier division of the League are not now up to the standard necessary to provide the right kind of opposition to make attractive competition. The sponsors of the idea feel that if they can get promotion and relegation introduced the respective teams would eventually find their own level.

Such a trend of thought is indeed illuminating and shows the over increasing influence of finance in local football affairs. Fortunately I believe that even if such a move was to be brought out into the open, it would be strenuously opposed by sportsmen who value a club's long and honourable association with the game higher than its current inability to attract the dollar-paying crowds to the turnstiles.

Those who are behind the move would do well to remember that in football the changes of fortune are often as unexpected as they are devastating in effect. The star combinations of today, may well be the also-rans of tomorrow... and even the proud Arsenal find that success is beyond price and indeed a fickle picnic.

It is indisputable that some of our teams are undergoing a disappointing phase in their playing fortunes... but if clubs that have rendered long and valuable service to football in the Colony are to be thrown overboard by their currently more fortunate or more successful opponents... then the whole tenor of our game would be destroyed.

When playing for the game's sake and seeking only the rewards that come from success is replaced by a policy based baldly on survival of the fittest... irrespective of any other factor... then it will be a sorry day indeed for football in Hongkong.

WEEK-END GAMES

There is an important and interesting list of League games in the programme for this week-end.

St. Joseph's v. KMB at Caroline Hill at 4:30 p.m.
Army v. CAA at Sookunpoo at 4:30 p.m.

Kwong Wah v. Club at Causeway Bay at 4:30 p.m.

Tomorrow

Sing Tao v. South China at Club Stadium at 4:30 p.m.

RAF v. Navy at Causeway Bay at 4:30 p.m.

Chief interest this afternoon will be in the Saints-Busmen clash at Caroline Hill. Early in the season a wonder goal by Toledo in the closing minutes won the game for the Saints. The green and whites have now lost some of their early season sparkle but they will still give the Champions a hard run for their money, without, I think, halting the KMB drive to a second title.

Kwong Wah should just about get the better of Club on the Navy ground while at Sookunpoo, Army should have the power to collect two more points from CAA.

The big game of the week-end is of course the top-of-the-table meeting of South China and Sing Tao at the Club tomorrow. This match has been

the subject of considerable controversy wherever football people meet and a great deal will depend on how the Tiger cubs react to the tension of the big occasion... and on how they tackle the problem of turning ex-team mate Ho Cheung-yau.

Opinion is very much divided as to the outcome and it is easy to be wrong. In spite of my great admiration for Sing Tao's side I think South China will collect the vital points.

At Causeway Bay the luckless Navy side get little change out of their meeting with the RAF. With both fit again the Airman should collect another couple of points.

Recent goings-on in soccer places encouraged me to have a look back through my scrap book and it was really interesting to find that for every criticism I have written of a referee I have written three appreciations of work well done... and for every criticism I have written four reports in which there was neither criticism nor praise of the man with the whistle!!! Obviously praise or implied efficiency in generous ratios is acceptable... but criticism...!!!!



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At your favourite men's outfitters

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 5th & Saturday 12th March, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1:30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2:00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11:45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Batches at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each for the second day of the Meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 11:00 a.m. on 12th March.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting. It is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10:00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Agulair Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11:00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 9th April, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

H. MISA,

Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Amended Programmes and Entry Forms for the 9th Race Meeting 1954/55 to be held on Saturday 26th March, 1955, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 15th March, 1955.

By Order of the Stewards,

H. MISA,

Secretary.

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LEAGUE CRICKET

OUTCOME OF TODAY'S MATCHES MAY DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP

By "LEG GUARD"

The First Division Cricket League Championship struggle is fast reaching a climax and the outcome of today's matches will have an important, possibly a decisive bearing on the final positions.

Three teams are in the running for premier honours—Kowloon Cricket Club, the present leaders, Army South, placed second, and Army North.

Kowloon Cricket Club have to date 50 points with three matches in hand; Army South 45 points with two matches left and Army North 39 points with another four matches for play.

Kowloon Cricket Club can make certain of the Championship by collecting a minimum of six points from their remaining three matches. This would give them 56 points, which neither Army North nor South could attain.

The Army South-KCC encounter promises to be a battle of bowlers, for the side have Clarke heading the First Division bowling averages, and Withall also highly placed. These two bowlers have, in fact, between them taken most of the wickets for Army South this season.

KCC have to offer in contrast speedy Campbell and Jenner, who have formed the spearhead of the KCC attack this season, but who have to support them two very useful change bowlers in Davidson and Bell.

KCC may claim to be a slightly better balanced side than Army South, but Army South today have the advantage of playing on their own ground. A draw is unlikely because of the strength of the respective bowlers, and on current form, the Kowloonites should gather four out of their required six points to make certain of the Championship.

Army North, principal challengers to the KCC, have a severe test in front of them. No team finds it easy to win at Camp. The Hawks, and with the Porters, team throwing good form at the moment, the military side may well be held to a draw, in which case they could vainly bid farewell to their Championship hopes.

LAST WEEK'S GAMES

High scores, good batting and only a few runs in the net for First Division honours featured last week's game. The Army North and Optimists encounter at Sookunpo, which the former won by 14 runs.

Highlight of the Recreation Police match was Gerry Gosno's batting and bowling. Gerry scored 87 runs not out and, helped by Ozerio, sent the Police back for 132 runs.

It will be a blow to Recreation to have to lose the services of Gosno, who will be leaving Hongkong for the United Kingdom very shortly.

I am sure that all cricketers in the Colony will join me in wishing Gosno a happy journey and that, on his return, he will again delight us with that brand of cricket which we have learnt to admire.

Army North met the Optimists at Sookunpo. The Army won the toss and decided to bat. Ford was soon stumped by Hughes, who was in great form, but subsequently most of the remaining batsmen batted steadily against an accurate, though somewhat unimpressive attack.

Howard-Dobson played a fine innings and never looked in trouble against any of the bowlers.

The Army were able to declare at 100 for 9 wickets, leaving the Optimists about the same time to bat.

The Optimists' innings started disastrously, Leader and Rowe being soon out, and Macpherson also joining them after a few fine scoring strokes. Splink then joined Pritchard and although both were rather subdued they took the score to past the 100 before Pritchard was out leg before to Preece.

The subsequent Optimists' batsmen used the bat effectively, but thanks to some fine catching the Optimists were all out for 170, giving the Army a well deserved victory by 14 runs.

Recreation beat Police by five wickets. Police batted first and lost their first wicket without scoring any runs. Brearley and Woodhouse added 40, but three wickets were down for 54 runs.

COLLAPSE

A useful fourth wicket partnership took the total to 107, but then followed a collapse and Police were all out for 132.

Recreation started their innings somewhat shakily, losing four batsmen for 50 runs, but then Gerry Gosno took over the running and batted Recreation in to a comfortable five wicket victory.

Last week in my notes I mentioned the return of

"Chappy" D'Almeida Remedios to the Colony Recreation has asked Club de Recreation to play him in the second team as he has a lot of very much cricket lately.

In the Scorpions-Craigengower encounter at Chater Road, both sides revealed weaknesses in bowling.

Craigengower were again without the services of two of their regular players—George Souza and Dabher.

The CCC won the toss, batted first, and were able to declare at 180 for 8 in an innings that lasted 2 1/2 hours.

Kernan and Ragl, Craigengower's opening batsmen, put on 38 runs before Kernan was bowled by Leach and Ragl was bowled by Stanton.

Highest scorer for the CCC was K. Y. Tam with 54, but it was a rather lifeless innings and not completely free from blemishes.

The CCC obtained many of their runs through bad fielding. When Scorpions went in to bat, they lost three quick wickets. But then Pearce became associated with Knight in an unbroken partnership of 119 in 55 minutes. Both batted superbly and I were never bothered by a somewhat mediocre attack.

Pearce had his luck and was dropped about four times but his was a most refreshing knock.

HANDICAPPED

In today's match between Scorpions and Police, the former will be handicapped by the absence of T. A. Pearce, T.G.C. Knight, J.A. Cheetham and Howes.

In view of this, the Police have a good chance of collecting four points.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
University v. HKCC
Recreation v. Army North
CCC v. RAF
Army South v. KCC
Scorpions v. Police

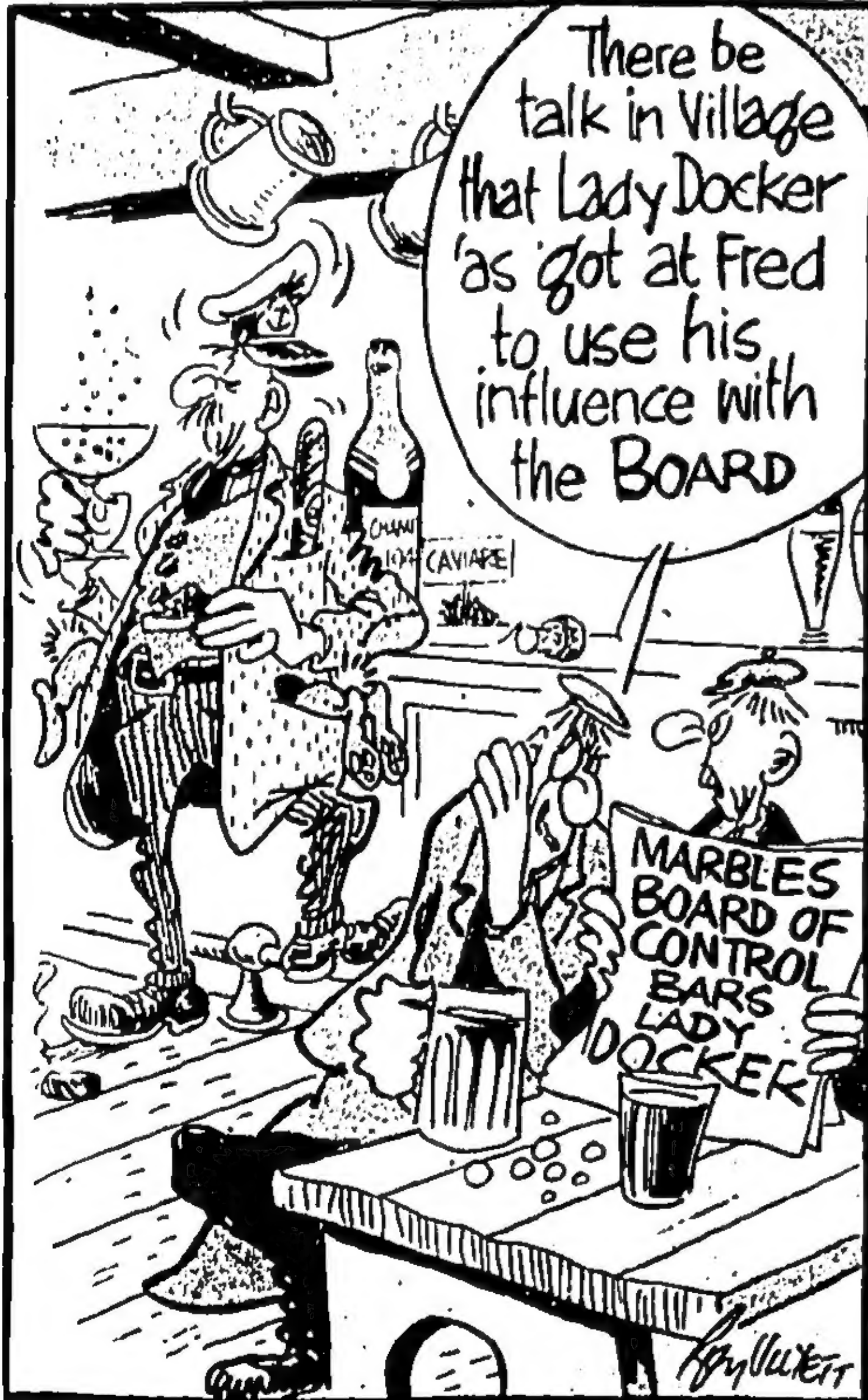
Second Division
KCC v. Army

TOMORROW
First Division
Army North v. Police
Second Division
IRC 'A' v. Police

HOW THEY STAND
The following are the First and Second Division League Cricket standings up to and including March 7.

First Division	P	W	L	D	T	Pts.
KCC	17	12	3	2	-	50
Army South	18	10	3	5	-	45
Recreation	17	9	4	3	1	41
North	16	9	4	3	-	39
RAF	10	7	3	0	-	34
Scorpions	15	6	3	5	1	31
Optimists	17	7	8	2	-	30
Police	10	7	1	2	-	30
CCC	16	5	10	1	-	21
Navy	17	1	15	1	-	5
University	15	0	15	0	-	0

Second Division	P	W	L	D	T	Pts.
RAF	18	12	3	3	-	51
Army	17	10	4	3	-	43
KCC	16	9	4	3	-	39
Recreation	13	8	3	2	-	34
Police	10	8	0	2	-	34
KGV	10	8	0	2	-	34
IRC 'A'	10	8	0	1	-	33
IRC 'B'	18	8	0	1	-	33
Dockyard	19	7	8	4	-	32
Navy	18	6	10	2	-	26
DBS	10	0	10	1	-	2
University	15	0	15	2	-	2



The all-male British Marbles Board of Control (headquarters, a saloon bar at Tinsley Green, Sussex) refuses to recognise a marbles match between Lady Docker and factory girls at Castleford (Yorkshire). Says secretary George Burbridge: "Lady Docker knows nothing about marbles and she never will."

KIERNAN SCORES FOR CHARLTON



All faces turn towards goal as this shot from Charlton outside-left Kiernan (third from right) rockets into the net to score the first goal for his team in the First Division match against Arsenal at the Valley ground, South London. Arsenal defenders are right back Walley Barnes (No. 2), Fotheringham, centre-half (No. 5) and Goring, right half, next to Barnes. At the extreme right is Charlton's inside-left, Firmani. The match ended in a one-all draw. — Reuter photo.

TODAY'S RUGGER

Third Round Of Seven-a-Sides This Afternoon

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon the third round of the Blarney Stone Shield Seven-a-Sides will be played off on the Club ground at Happy Valley and there is promise of fast and interesting games.

Only seven games are scheduled. 25th Field "A" have been given a walkover by Dampier "A" and thus go forward to the quarter-finals.

Due to the fact that the Army rather inconsiderately arranged their athletics for Saturday afternoon, the first game will now not take place until 4.00 p.m., with the others as usual following at 20 minutes intervals.

I have been asked to stress again that all teams must provide their own touch judge, and not rely on spectators. As this year there were no seedings in the Tournament the selection of the quarter-finalists, presents more difficulty than usual at this stage.

With 25th Field "A" leading, the next quarter-finalists should be 42nd Field "A", who managed to overcome Police "A" in a scrappy struggle, but who showed odd touches of brilliance.

The next selection is even more difficult, neither Seven having shown in their previous encounters, but Far East Farm "A" look the more promising.

The next one is a fairly easy one to select as 27th HAA "A" have done fairly well up to date, while their opponents have been lucky to scrape through against fairly weak teams.

That covers the top half of the table. The bottom half, which contains most of the strong teams, is for today's matches a pretty easy selection job.

Wayfoong should have little difficulty in beating 25th Field "B", and RAF Mount Davis, on paper at least, should succumb to 6 COD "A", though here the positions could be reversed.

Without question, Tamar Termagants on their fine display last week are almost certain to take the honours in their game.

However, Sevens are notorious for the surprising upsets they bring about, and one or more of these could easily occur today.

Today there will be an admission charge (Civilians \$2.40, Services \$1.20) and official programmes will be on sale priced \$1.00 each. Anything you pay today will go to

Charities, so please, cough up willingly.

Games this Afternoon
4.00 p.m.: 42nd Field "A" v RAF, Sai Wan.
4.20 p.m.: 27th HAA "A" v 15 Flat Park Sqdn.
4.40 p.m.: RAF Mount Davis v 6 COD "A".
5.00 p.m.: 72 LAA "B" v Far East Farm "A".
5.20 p.m.: Wayfoong v 25 Field "B".
5.40 p.m.: Tamar Termagants v 9 48 Club "A".
6.00 p.m.: 72 LAA v HK Sig. Regt.

Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

HOME RUGGER

Wales Should Beat Ireland At Cardiff Today

Says J. R. WATKINS

Both Wales and Ireland take on a new look for their Rugby International at Cardiff today. Wales have made four changes from the team beaten by Scotland at the beginning of February. Ireland have dropped five of their side which lost to Scotland later in the month.

A. B. Edwards, G. Wells, T. J. Brewer and S. Judd lose their places in the Welsh side. Owen Griffiths, Morris and Davies take over. Owen is the only new cap.

The strange thing about these changes is that the forwards were outscrummaged by Scotland and Ireland. Yet the selectors have apparently put the blame for defeat on the backs.

THE TEAMS

Wales: G. Owen (Newport); K. Jones (Newport); A. Thomas (Llanelli); G. Griffiths (Cardiff); H. Morris (Cardiff); C. Morgan (Bective Range, Cardiff); W. R. Willis (Cardiff); W. O. Williams (Swansea); B. Meredith (Neath); C. Meredith (Neath); R. Robins (Pontypridd); R. H. Williams (Llanelli); Len Davies (Llanelli); R. Stephens (Neath) (capt); R. C. Thomas (Swansea); Ireland: P. Berkery (Lansdowne); J. Kyle (NIFC); N. J. Henderson (NIFC); A. J. O'Reilly (O. Belvedere); A. C. Pedlow (Queen's Univ); G. T. Gaston (Dublin Univ); S. J. McDermott (London Irish); F. E. Anderson (NIFC); R. Ross (Lansdowne); P. J. O'Donnoghue (Bective R.); M. N. Macdon (Sunday's Well); G. Ross (CYMS); M. J. Cunningham (Univ. Coll. Cork); R. H. Thompson (Instonians) (capt); P. Kavanagh (Wanderers). — London Express Service.

Owen's selection was expected. Edwards was completely off colour against Scotland.

KYLE RETURNS

And what of Ireland? They have been quick to have second thoughts over Jackie Kyle. The selectors have obviously come to the conclusion they have no other capable leader. So Kyle returns.

But out go W. R. Tector, R. Roche, S. Kelly, T. E. Reid and D. McSweeney in addition to Kyle, P. Berkery, G. T. Gaston, G. Ross and P. Kavanagh come in.

Should Wales win, they have an outside chance of sharing the Championship. But they must beat France. I think they are strong enough both forward and back to beat Ireland. I cannot see them beating France.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



A ROMARY'S

DAMASK
BISCUITS

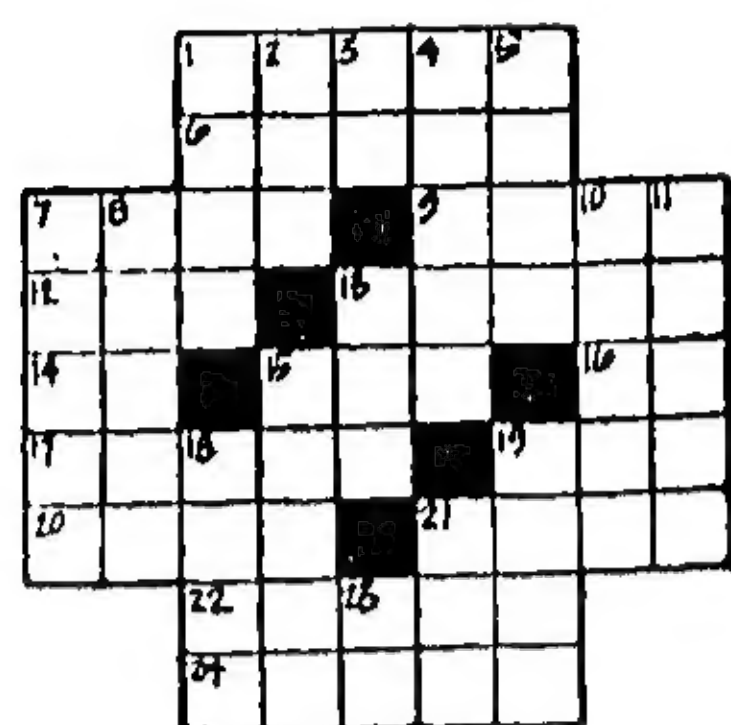
Sole Agents:
Messrs. A. M. & Co. Ltd.
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FINEST
DRY GIN

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Buds are appearing on the
- 6 Fortification
- 7 Slipped
- 9 Strongbox
- 12 Lion
- 13 Calyx leaf
- 14 Each (ab.)
- 15 Sister (coll.)
- 16 Symbol for tellurium
- 17 Compound ether
- 19 River barrier
- 20 Saucy
- 21 Hawaiian precipice
- 22 Consumed
- 24 Concise

DOWN

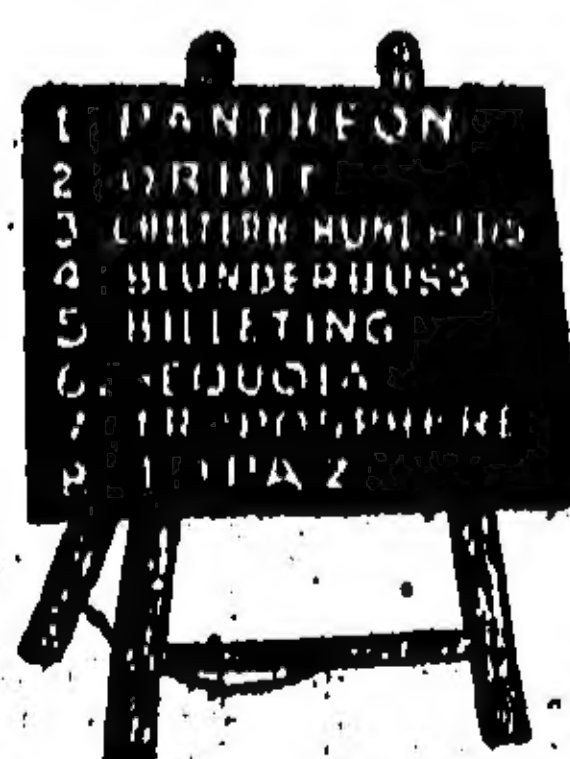
- 1 Group of three
- 2 Have you seen any — robins?
- 3 Editor (ab.)
- 4 Comforts
- 5 Philip
- 7 Animals are awakening from their winter's —
- 8 Tent
- 10 Disastrous
- 11 Fragrant ointment
- 13 Courtesy title
- 15 Caterpillar hairs
- 18 Allowance for waste
- 19 Native of Denmark
- 21 Footlike part
- 23 Transpose (ab.)

DIAMOND

The Puzzlemaster has chosen FLOWERS as the centre of his diamond. The second word is "a note in Guido's scale"; third "run away to marry"; fourth "mimickers"; and sixth "a bitter vetch." Finish the diamond:

F
L
O
W
E
R
S

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



THE blackboard provides an interesting quiz. Study the numbered words and decide which is right, A or B, below.

1. (a) Famous temple, or (b) Animal. 2. (a) A light metal from the Rand mines, or (b) The course of a planet round the sun. 3. (a) A large pack of hunting dogs, or (b) Something to do with Parliament. 4. (a) A 17th-century musician, or (b) Means of transport in Switzerland. 5. (a) Australian duckhunting, or (b) System of boarding people in time of emergency. 6. (a) South American Indian tribe, or (b) The Redwood tree of N.W. America. 7. (a) Atmospheric layer above the earth, or (b) A deep-sea diving bell. 8. (a) French military helmet, or (b) Transported mineral. 9. (a) A positive, optimistic, or (b) A negative, pessimistic attitude.

(Answers on Page 19)

SPRINGTIME MIX-UPS

Rearrange the letters in each of these strange lines to form three two-word statements about Springtime:

A SNOB SABLE SALE
GENERAL DAN SPECS
PRINTS WAG HERE

SPRINGTIME REBUS

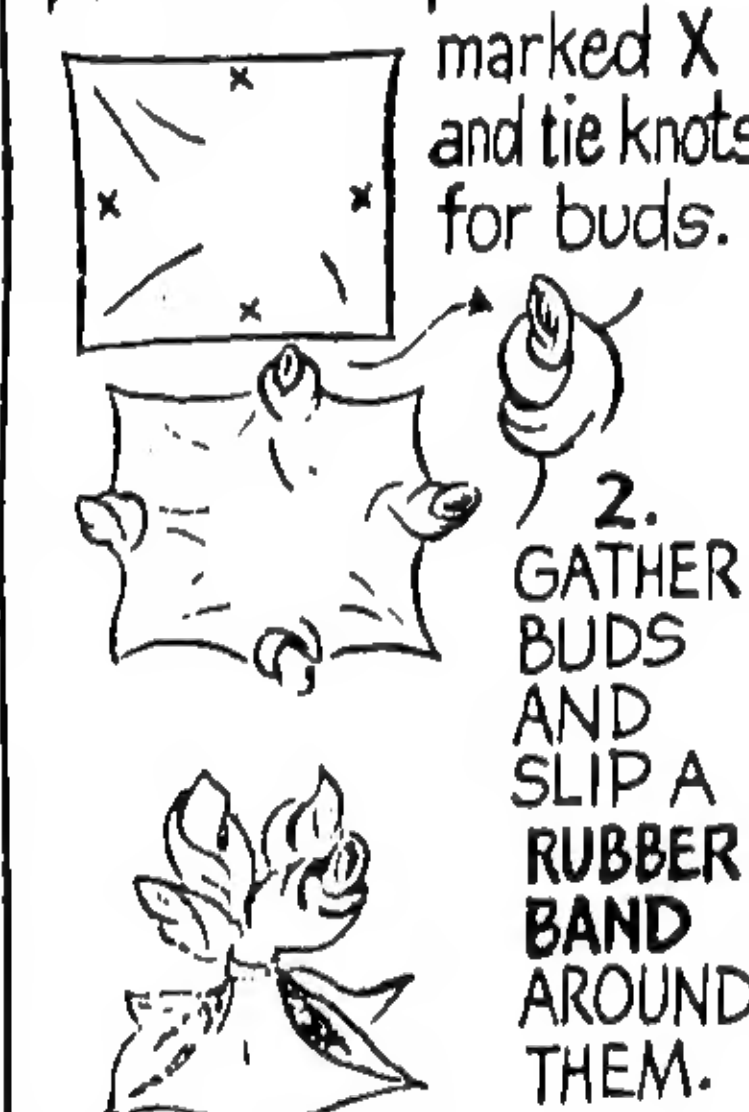
The Puzzlemaster has hidden four facts about Spring in his rebus, but you can unearth them by using the words and pictures to your best advantage:



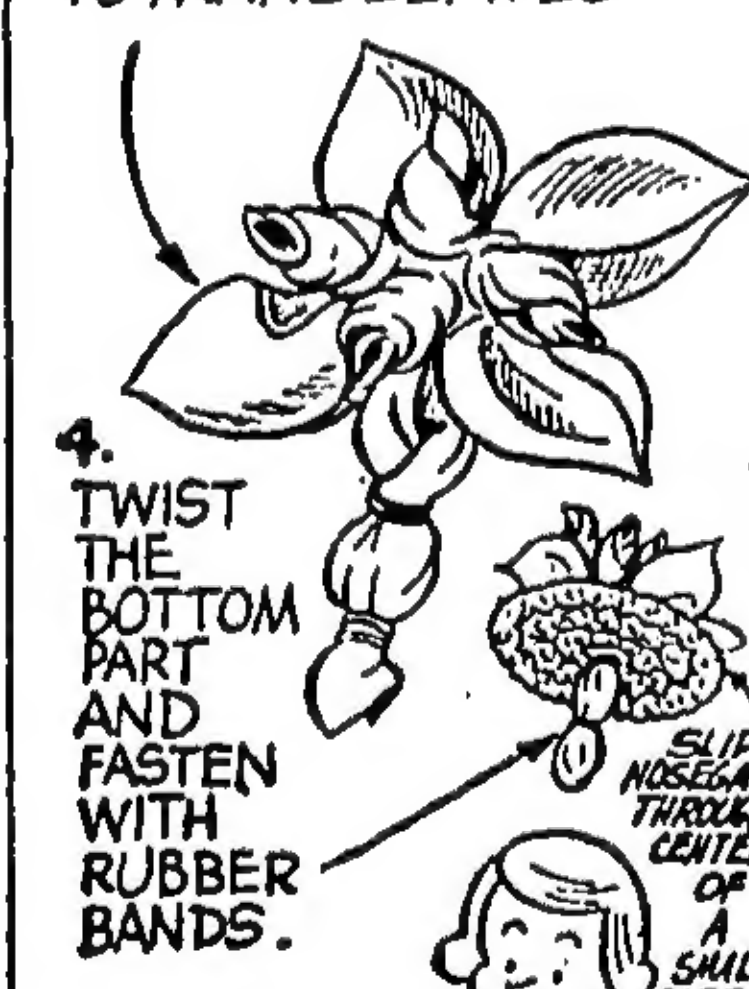
(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW A HANKIE NOSEGAY

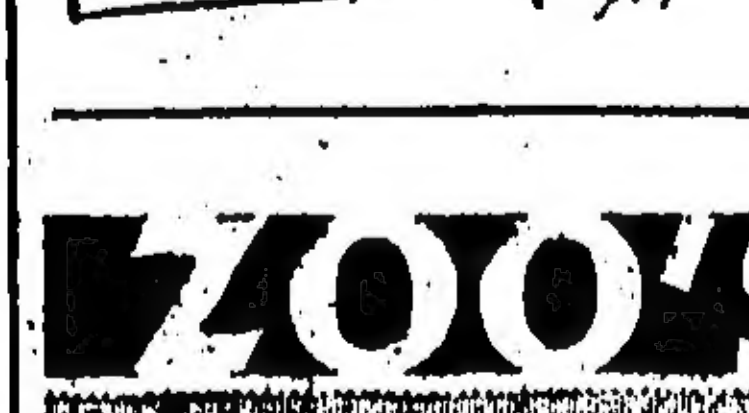
1. Use a SILK NECK SCARE pull out at places marked X and tie knots for buds.



2. GATHER BUDS AND SLIP A RUBBER BAND AROUND THEM.



3. PULL OUT CORNERS TO MAKE LEAVES.



USE THEM FOR PARTY FAVORS!



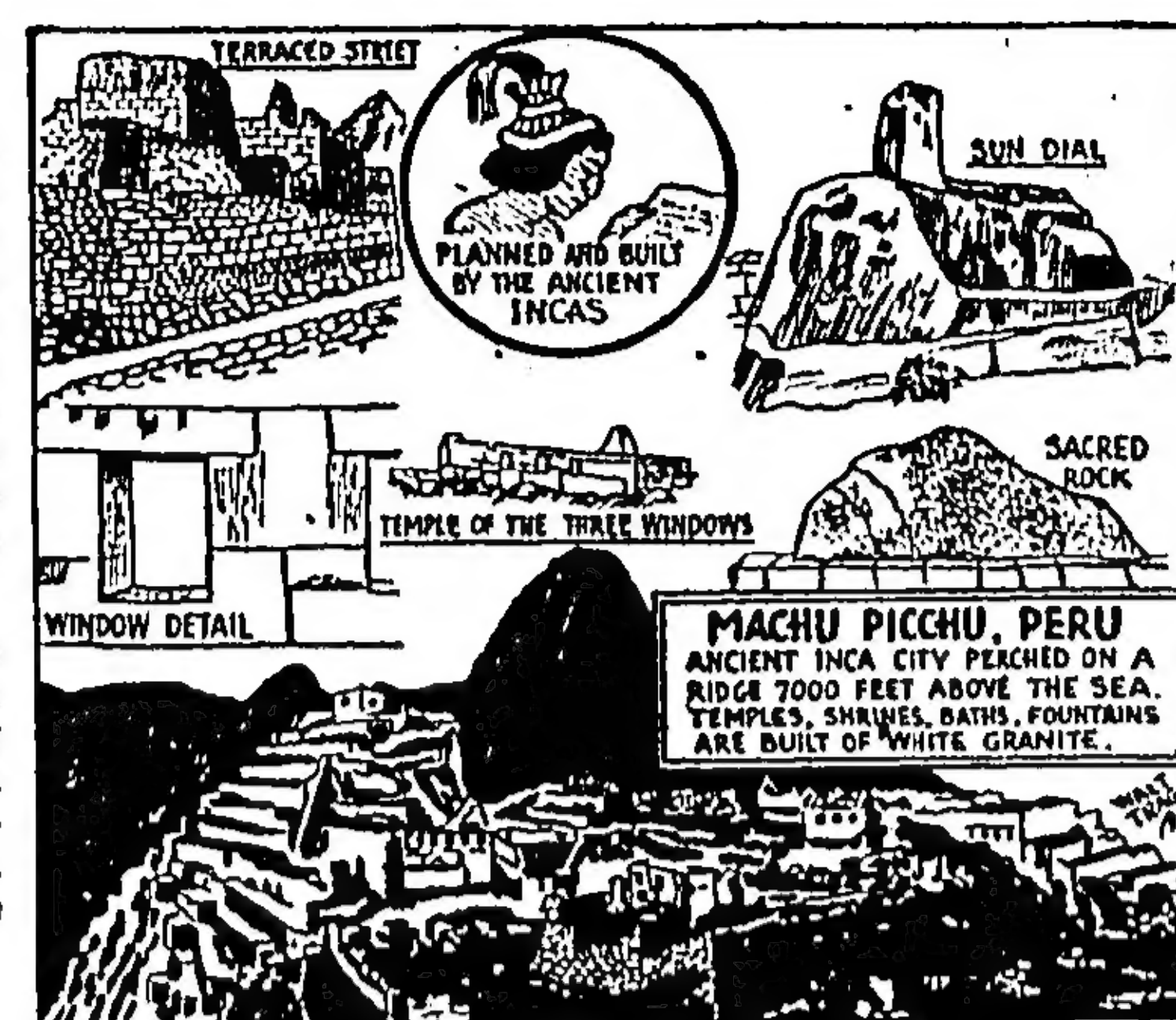
Buried Inca Fortress Excavated

By R. S. Craggs

DURING THE period 1400-1448 in the Inca empire of Peru, the monarch in power built a long line of fortresses along the eastern frontier as a guard against possible invasion from beyond the Andes Mountains. The greatest of these structures was Machu Picchu.

Driven back by the Spaniards, the last Inca ruler with his surviving warriors sought refuge in this city which was so inaccessible and remote that no white man of the time ever saw it.

It remained undiscovered until 1912, when an American university professor, Hiram Bingham, led an expedition of exploration that cleared away the jungle of 400 years and revealed the roofless stone buildings (the roofs of which



had long since vanished). Dr Bingham found terrace above terrace, all filled in with earth, the gardens of the Incas. In one corner of the citadel is a sun dial carved out of solid rock. By this means the Inca astronomers were able to tell the time of day and the time of year. A cemetery found contained mostly female skeletons. This would indicate that the able-bodied warriors died in defence of their land in the valleys far below.

The traveller today does not have to endure the hardships of a foot journey over rocky mountain paths to view this wonder of ancient architecture built by a race that did not even know the wheel. An auto on rails makes the journey from the nearby city of Cuzco in about three hours. Below the Machu Picchu, which is in a canyon, is the precipice which ends at the Urubamba River 2,000 feet below.

This great fortress is just one example of the fine work of the Incas as they excavate ancient ruins and interpret them. It is called archaeology.

Wolves In Sheep's Clothing

By OLIVER SAND

YOU PROBABLY KNOW that a grampus is not grandfather but a whale, and you may know that a quill pig is not a pig but just another name for a porcupine. Do you know these other masqueraders?

A panda is not a bear. The ordinary panda is related to the raccoon. Children's stuffed pandas resemble the great panda, which is not a bear either, but a rare animal that lives in Eastern Tibet.

A whale is not a fish. It is a mammal—like a horse, a cow, and a dog. Mammals are what we are usually thinking of when we talk about animals.

A bat is not a bird. It is a mammal, too.

A striped gopher is not a gopher. It is really a ground squirrel. The pocket gopher is the only true gopher.

A prairie dog is not a dog. It is a squirrel, but one that spends its time burrowing under the ground instead of climbing.

An American civet cat is not a cat. It is also known as a cat squirrel, but it is not a squirrel either. Its close relative is the raccoon and it looks like a weasel.

A mountain beaver is not a beaver. It belongs somewhere between a porcupine and a marmot, but it is so little like either that it is just itself.

A hedgehog is not a hog. It is a small animal that lives mostly on insects and protects itself by rolling into a ball with its sharp spines pointing in every direction.

Bacteria, the germs that make people sick, are not in the animal kingdom. They are plants.



A shrew mouse is not a mouse. It is only the common shrew, a tiny animal smaller even than a mouse—it is about 4 inches long.

And a sea lion, of course, is not a lion. It is a species of large seal.

Game With Words

From each group of four words below, choose and circle the one which correctly answers the question.

1. Which is the animal? UTTER, OTTER, ATTAR, ETHER.
2. Which means clothing? RETIRE, ATTIRE, ENTIRE, SATIRE.
3. Which means a view? ASPECT, EXPECT, INSPECT, PROSPECT.
4. Which means to have charge? RESIDE, PRESIDE, DECIDE, SUBSIDE.
5. Which means obstinate; willful? FROWARD, REWARD, AWARD, FORWARD.
6. Which means to drive out? REJECT, EJECT, INTERJECT, OBJECT.
7. Which means communication? REVERSE, PERVERSE, CONVERSE, ADVERSE.
8. Which is the food? DESERVE, CONSERVE, OBSERVE, RESERVE.
9. Which means an obstacle? OUTRAGE, AVERAGE, COURAGE, BARRAGE.
10. Which means to invent? INTERPOSE, DEPOSE, PROPOSE, COMPOSE.
11. Which means to find out? RETAIN, OBTAIN, ASCERTAIN, PERTAIN.
12. Which means a drink? FACTION, LOTION, PORTION.

(Answers on Page 20)

This Stamp Recalls Heroic Deeds

EVERY year France puts out a series of stamps emblazoned with the coat of arms of a town or district. These heraldic issues make ideal "cornerstones" for the French section in your stamp album.

And what a story of daring deeds they bring!

Take this one showing the blue and yellow barred shield of Nivernais. This is a district in Burgundy, a land rich in wine and valour.

One of its most famous sons was Philip the Bold, son of King John II of France. John gave Burgundy and all its warlike people into the care of Philip.

He drilled his army to a pitch of ferocity and efficiency that made it the terror not only of his enemies, but also of Spain and the Flemings, who used to rebel constantly against France in the lowlands of the north.

Yes, these stamps of heraldry and history recall pictures of the clash of arms and the flaunting of banners at knightly tournaments.

The Nivernais stamp is printed by the lithograph process and a set of 4 costs 3d. in London.—J. A. A.



"You overslept? Don't tell me you sleep at home too!"

YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 12

BORN today, you are kind and considerate although this deeply-rooted characteristic may not show too much on the surface. You are ambitious, clever, liked by most people at first sight—though at times you appear to show signs of arrogance. You are self-confident and are a good mixer. Convinced that any man or woman is good, you can become the super-salesman. Keep your ideals high, for your persuasiveness definitely makes you a leader, no matter in which direction you are heading!

Actually, you are not as sharp in business matters as you like to imagine you are. Your intuitions are keen and you are more inclined to operate on impulse or "hunches" than you are on sound reasoning. This also operates in the realm of romance and you have need to remember that to wed in haste might, for you, mean that you would repent at leisure. Beware, especially, someone who might plan to wed you for some personal advantage—material wealth or help in a career—rather than for true love.

You will be happiest if you enter the arts or the professions where you can be your own boss. You work better when you work alone—unless you can be the boss!

Among those born on this date are: Gabriele D'Annunzio, patriot and poet; Bishop George Berkeley; Thomas Buchanan Read, poet; Stewart Edward White, author; and Lillie Langtry, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Not the best day in the world for romance! Be warned against getting into an argument needlessly.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—It may be your turn to help someone. Perhaps now you can recognize the importance of your previously.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Recognize the importance of your previously.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Plan a family affair. You might invite the in-laws to dinner after church for a happy day.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This is your day to be sure that you stay clear of any slightest argument. Remain strictly on the fence.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If driving today, you could face a traffic hazard, so be more than ordinarily cautious wherever you go.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Spiritual inspiration and mental uplift can sometimes be secured from a good sermon. Try it!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you are going on a long-distance drive, arrange to travel when roads are less crowded.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Let down tensions today. Rest, relax and forget, completely, your everyday problems, at work.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Perhaps your church or community may ask you to help a fund-raising campaign. Do all you can.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Spiritual food is as much needed as food for the body. Feed the spiritual man today.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You may want to get out in the open today—a touch of spring fever again! Do so, by all means.

BORN today, you have three characteristics which will go far in helping you toward success: a quick, agile and original mind; the ability to make a fast decision—and have it right; and an added capability of being able to reason out a matter lucidly and accurately when all the evidence is in. You men and women are likely to utilize these basic talents so differently that, on the surface, you may appear to differ widely.

You members of the fair sex are more interested in the social aspects of life and will make exceptional hostesses, knowing instinctively, it would appear, all the various implications of being a magnetic personality and charm. You also have brains, when you bother to use them!

You men, on the other hand, have a more serious, scientific bent. Your social aptitudes are expressed in an interest in active politics. You speak well in public and are a hard, conscientious worker. You know how to dramatize an idea and win support for it.

Both of you have a love for romance and are inclined to be quite sentimental in your personal life. Attractive to members of the opposite sex, you will have several opportunities to wed.

Among those born on this date are: William Orr, inventor; Joseph Priestly, scientist; David Mendoza, composer; Joseph II of Germany; Ernest Ingersoll, lecturer and writer; and Percival Lowell, astronomer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 14

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Keep your own, personal troubles to yourself. Talking about them won't help; just solve them.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—This can be an active week for progress, so get an early start this morning. Remember the early bird.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Look at the beginning of a new work week through rose-coloured glasses to make the best of it.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Pursue a virtue you must cultivate, right now! Don't let your usual alertness get too much.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A positive, optimistic, or (b) A negative, pessimistic attitude.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A positive, optimistic, or (b) A negative, pessimistic attitude.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Impulses are not to be trusted. Think twice before answering in and are a hard, conscientious worker. You know how to dramatize an idea and win support for it.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Perhaps you are entertaining for lunch today. If it's someone important to your future, be careful what you say.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—There is a real chance that you might get that overdue promotion or promised pay raise now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Haste, today, can only make waste. Your best policy is to take your time and be sure.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Take a positive attitude toward all problems; solve them one by one. You can make work wonders for you today.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can be one of your good days. Work hard, but don't let your usual alertness get too much.

100's WHO



(Answers on Page 19)

Rupert and the Broken Plate—19



(Answers on Page 19)

